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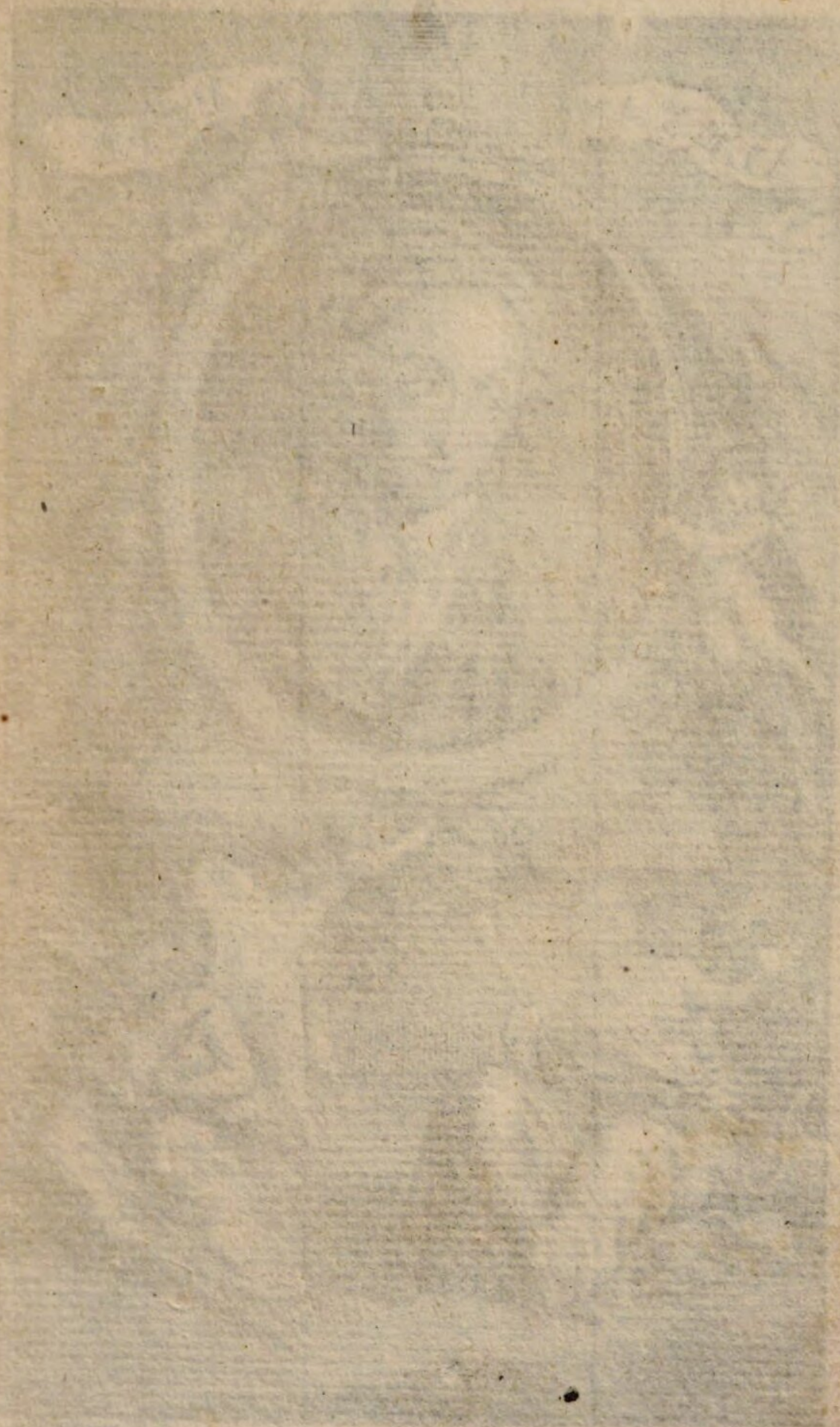
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J. Kornlein sculps.

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

In Six Volumes, Complete.

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS;

As they were delivered to the EDITOR,
a little before his Death.

Together with the NOTES
OF MR. WARBURTON.

LONDON,

Printed for A. MILLAR, J. and R. TONSON,
H. LINTOT, and C. BATHURST.

MDCCCLXIV.



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COLLECTED, ADDITIONS,

IMPROVEMENTS;

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GOLDEN AGE

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MOCCLESIN.

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P R E F A C E.

I Am inclined to think, that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so, on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

* In the former editions it was thus—*For as long as one side despises a well meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation.*—But the Author altered

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed ; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read them.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad Critic : for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment ; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humour ; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination : and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others : now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write ; and this too may ad-

it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

mit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents, and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery, may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence, as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can

scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority ; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it : and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities ; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him : a hundred honest Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of : the agreeable power of self amusement when a man is idle or alone ; the privilege of being admitted into the best company ; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth ; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its

fake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, biased by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Antients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more compleat pieces. They constantly

applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent ; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for Posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality : Though if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune : they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride ! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us, is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Antients : and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times ; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say, our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Antients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers : And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess, that I have served myself all I could by reading ; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living ; that I omitted no

means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies. But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live : One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together ; and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement ?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves ; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and *vice versa* a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts ; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned : but for what I have burned, I deserve be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immo-

ral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men ; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-interest ; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions ; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known, that I die in charity, and in my senses, without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth

which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings ; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty : so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works, as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language, or, when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves ; and a *Memento mori* to some of my vain cotemporaries the Poets, to teach them, that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

VOL. I.

Variations in the Author's Manuscript
Preface.

AFTER pag. iv. l. 24. it followed thus — For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency : but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining : *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet.)* 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are *amicæ omnium horarum*; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first

productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss ; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct : besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. vi. l. 27. In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces : That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living ; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and by my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches

or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleasing the critics.

On Mr. POPE and his *Poems*.

By His GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness
tir'd,

Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd ;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port ;
I little thought of launching forth agen, 5
Amidst adven'trous Rovers of the Pen ;
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satyric rhyme ; 10
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd !

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay ; 15
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great ILIAD, scarce could make me sing ;

Except I justly could at once commend
 A good Companion, and as firm a Friend. 20
 One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
 Can all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some mens ways,
 But a much greater to give Merit praise.

To Mr. P O P E, on his *Pastorals*.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
 When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
 A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
 Pays what to friendship and desert his due.
 Young, yet judicious ; in your verse are found 5
 Art strength'ning Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.
 Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
 So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song :
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the head, but to the ear : 10
 Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
 And are at best most musically dull :
 So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
 As smoothest speech is most deceitful found, 15
 The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
 But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too :
 Your strains are regularly bold, and please
 With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20
 With proper thoughts, and lively images :

Such as by Nature to the Antients shewn,
 Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own :
 For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
 Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25
 Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
 Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
 Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse,
 Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce ;
 And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
 Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit :
 Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swain's be wrought.
 So, with becoming art, the Players dress
 In ficks the shepherd, and the shepherdess ; 35
 Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long lost graces of Simplicity :
 So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
 With Virgin charms, and native excellence.
 Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,
 'Till by mens Envy to the world reveal'd ;
 For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy what they must esteem, 45
 Live and enjoy their spite ! nor mourn that fate,
 Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait ;
 Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight ;
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight ;
 So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

E E E E E

L E Y E L E Y E

To Mr. POPE, on his *Windsor-Forest*.

HA I L ! sacred Bard ! a Muse unknown before
 Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
 And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
 The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
 And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here :
 A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
 The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
 And China's Earth was cast on common sand :
 Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
 And dress'd the rocky shelves, and paved the painted
 bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd : and now we boast
 A nobler cargo on our barren coast :
 From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
 More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
 What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage :
 The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
 Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
 Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
 The sylvan state that on her border grows,
 While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
 With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains ;
 Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
 The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25

Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests chear,
 When Philomela fits and warbles there,
 Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
 And give us Harmony as well as Shades :
 A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you 30
 Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine ;
 A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
 How sudden trees rise to the Reader's sight,
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35 }
 And give at once the day, at once the night !
 And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
 In dreary desarts mix'd with painted plains !
 And see ! the desarts cast a pleasing gloom,
 And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom : 40
 Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
 And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
 Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields in-
 spire !

Thrice happy you ! and worthy best to dwell 45
 Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
 I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme, }
 Here on the Western beach attempt to chime.
 O joyless flood ! O rough tempestuous main ! 50
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene !

Snatch me, ye Gods ! from these *Atlantic* shores,
 And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant bow'rs ;

Or to my much-lov'd *Isis*' walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55

Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:

Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,

Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store, 60
And made that Music which was noise before.

There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,

Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode. 95

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:

They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.

Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string: 70
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding
strain,

I rise and wander thro' the field or plain;

Led by thy muse from sport to sport I run,

Mark the stretch'd Line, or hear the thund'ring gun. 75

Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy

On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie?

His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,

And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by;

But while the prancing steed allures my eye

He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly

80 }

O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.
 Oh could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down, 85
 He'd view a courser that might match his own!
 Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale?
 The soft complaint shall over time prevail; 90
 The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
 The Nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames*! forbear to shine,
 At once the subject and the song divine.
 Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more 95
 Than all their shouts for victory before.

Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
 The world should tremble at her awful name:
 From various springs divided waters glide,
 In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide, 100
 Murmur along their crooked banks a-while,
 At once they murmur and enrich the Isle;
 A while distinct thro' many channels run,
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one:
 There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 183
 And make one glorious and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

To Mr. P O P E.

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN *Phæbus*, and the nine harmonious
maids,

Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades ;

What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,

Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear ?

Reply'd the God ; “ Your loftiest notes employ, 5

“ To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*.”

The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse ;

Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse ?

He answer'd with a frown ; “ I now reveal

“ A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal : 10

“ Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,

“ I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,

“ Which unobserv'd a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,

“ Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind ;

“ And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise, 15

“ From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays.

“ But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,

“ Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name ;

“ Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,

“ And the white Isle with female pow'r is blest ; 20

“ Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,

“ And the Translator's palm to me transfer.

“ With less regret my claim I now decline,

“ The world will think his *English Iliad* mine.”

E. FENTON.

To Mr. P O P E.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays.

The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the Friend ;
What life, what vigour must the lines require ? 5

What Music tune them, what Affection fire ?

O might thy genius in my bosom shine ;
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine :
The brightest Antients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10

Horace himself would own thou dost excell
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream :
On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd, 15
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair ?
Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20

Here courtly trifles set the world at odds ;
Belles war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.

But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art, 25
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
The Graces stand in sight ; a Satire train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits,
 Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits ; 30
 And sits in measures, such as Virgil's Muse
 To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
 How might he tune th'alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he ;
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize ?
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail ! 40
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head :
 Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze !
 Smile, all ye vallies, in eternal spring, 45
 Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his antient heat ;
 He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
 Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;
 In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd ;
 His language failing, wrapt him round with night ;
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light. 56
 So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,

When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, *The mines were here* : 60
 Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein ;
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs ! 65
 How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines !
 Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest :
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread
 While a whole season warbles round my head.
 This to my friend—and when a friend inspires, 75
 My silent harp its master's hand requires.
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound ;
 For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground :
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning—very far from thee. 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf ;
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf ;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempests meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet ;
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here Content can dwell, and learned ease,
 A Friend delight me, and an Author please ;

Ev'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

To Mr. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic Feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway, 5
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which Worth alone can raise:
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust: 10
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
Then sink together in the world's last fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once his breath is fled, 15
With human transport touch the mighty dead,
Shakespear rejoice! his hand thy page refines:
Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote; 20
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvass fades,

A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art ;
 Transported we survey the dubious strife,
 While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
 Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire ? 30
 This you beheld ; and, taught by heaven to sing,
 Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
 Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
 Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
 Tours o'er the field of death ; as fierce he turns, 35
 Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns ;
 With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
 He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight :
 Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40
 Tremble the tow'rs of Heaven, earth rocks her coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
 To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay ;
 Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play ;
 Sonorous as thy storm the numbers rise, 45
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies ;
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
 Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
 You paint the vale, or gild the azure way ; 50
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
 Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.
 Proceed, great Bard ! awake th' harmonious string,
 Be ours all Homer ! still Ulysses sing,

How long that Hero *, by unskilful hands, 55
 Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands ?
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost :
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread ;
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head ; 60
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold ;
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves 65
 With grace divine, and like a god he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain ;
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire : 70
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right :
 Like theirs, our Friendship ! and I boast my name
 To thine united—for thy Friendship's Fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing.
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
 As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies :
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws : 80
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend :
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend,

* Cdyffy, lib. xvi.

And men more fierce : when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. • B R O O M E.

To Mr. P O P E.

On the publishing his W O R K S.

HE comes, he comes ! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice !
Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.
And see the Chief ! before him laurels born ; 15
Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of Majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page ?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age ;

Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
 As he that meet his likeness in the stream :
 The GRACES these ; and see how they contend, 25
 Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
 The Pæans cease ; thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands : 30
 Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuse,
 What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse ?
 Tho' each great Antient court thee to his shrine,
 Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,
 (From the proud Epic, down to those that shade 35
 The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
 Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
 Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane ;
 While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
 " Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard ! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove ;
 Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more ;
 After so many stars extinct in night, 5
 The dark'ned ages last remaining light !

To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of antient Wit ;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ; 10
 From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of reason, and of Liberty.
 Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincia rove ;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's unaspicious reign, 20
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate :
 Not that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke, 25
 And bow'd her haughty Neck beneath their yoke ;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her Cities desert, and her fields unsown ;
 But that her antient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
 That there the source of Science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious Names ! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command Mankind ;
 Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd, 35
 And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd !

Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With Ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ; 40
 'Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
 Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise :
 Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his Master bear : 50

Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
 Near Me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 No more let meaner Satire dim the rays 55
 That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays ;
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
 Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 A lasting Column to thy Country's Praise,
 To sing the Land, which yet alone can boast
 That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
 Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65
 And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.

Such was the Theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the People whose exploits I sung ;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
 With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd, 70
 Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway,
 But pleas'd a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live ;
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
 And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;
 Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
 And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praise.

GEORGE LYTTLETON.

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PASTORALS,

WITH A

Discourse on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in valibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!*

VIRG.

VOL. I.

A

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A
DISCOURSE
ON
PASTORAL POETRY*.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem; and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most antient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral* †. It is natural to imagine,

* Written at sixteen years of age.

† Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals.

that the leisure of those antient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both*; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity†, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of

* Heinsius in Theocr.

† Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2.

what they call the golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, so far as it may be useful to that sort of life, and an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short *, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make those composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered †. This may be made rather to appear done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity, from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of Poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

* Rapin, Reflex. sur l' Art. Poet. d' Arist. p. 2. Refl. xxvii.

† Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful: and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries*. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety†. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing, imaginable.

It is by rules like those that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

* Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.

† See the forementioned Preface.

Theocritus excells all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers * and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first Pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective; for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to †. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these antients their

* ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ Idyl. xxi.

† Rapin Refl. on Arist. part. ii. Refl. xxvii. — Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso, in his *Aminta*, has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has out-done the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the antients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil *. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His *Eclogues* are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the antients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetrastrich has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; tho' notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the

* Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

greatest persons : whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful ; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself ; he compares human life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together ; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it : whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral : That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's : That in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places pro-

per to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

S P R I N G.

T H E

F I R S T P A S T O R A L,

O R

D A M O N.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

F I R S T in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains :
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing ;

These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, G. *Granville* afterwards Lord *Lansdown*, Sir *William Trumbal*, Dr. *Garth*, Lord *Hallifax*, Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Mainwaring*, and others. All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. *Walsh*, whom Mr. *Dryden*, in his Postscript to *Virgil*, calls the best Critic of his age. " The Author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the Antients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say that *Virgil* had written nothing so good at his Age. His Preface is very judicious and learned." Letter to Mr. *Wycherley*, Apr. 1705. The Lord *Lansdown* about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter

Let vernal airs thro' trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.

5

You, that too wiſe for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!

10

the Character of Mr. Wycherley) "that if he goes on as he has
" begun in the Paſtoral way, as Virgil firſt tried his ſtrength, we
" may hope to ſee Engliſh Poetry vie with the Roman," &c.
Notwithſtanding the early time of their production, the Author
eſteemed theſe as the moſt correct in the verſification, and muſi-
cal in the numbers, of all his works. The reaſon for his labour-
ing them into ſo much ſoftneſs, was, doubtleſs, that this ſort of
poetry derives almoſt its whole beauty from a natural eaſe of
thought and ſmoothneſs of verſe; whereas that of moſt other
kinds conſiſts in the ſtrength and fulneſs of both. In a letter of
his to Mr. *Walſh* about this time, we find an enumeration of ſe-
veral niceties in Verſification, which perhaps have never been
ſtrictly obſerved in any *Engliſh* poem, except in theſe Paſtorals.
They were not printed till 1709.

Sir *William Trumbal*.] Our Author's friendſhip with this
gentleman commenced at very unequal years: he was un-
der ſixteen, but Sir William above ſixty, and had lately
reſigned his employment of Secretary of State to King
William.

VER. I. Prima Syracuſio dignata eſt ludere verſu,
Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia.

This is the general exordium and opening of the Paſtorals, in
imitation of the ſixth of *Virgil*, which ſome have therefore not
improbably thought to have been the firſt originally. In the
beginnings of the other three Paſtorals, he imitates expreſſly thoſe
which now ſtand firſt of the three chief Poets in this kind, *Spencer*,
Virgil, *Theocritus*.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)—
Beneath the ſhade a ſpreading beech diſplays, —
Thyſis, the Muſic of the murm'ring Spring, —
are manifeſtly imitations of

— A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)
— Tityre, tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi.
— Ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ὁ πίτυς αἰπόλε, τήνα.

O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :
 So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
 And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
 Two Swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
 Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair : 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

D A P H N I S.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day !
 Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
 Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year ?

VER. 12. *in your native shades*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windsor-forest, to which he retired, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III. P.

VER. 17, etc. The Scene of this Pastoral, a Valley ; the Time, the Morning. It stood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
 Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care ;
 And while Aurora gild's the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
 Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rowling year;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? 40

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,

VER. 34. The first reading was,

And his own image from the bank surveys.

VER. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines:

VER. 35, 36.

Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,

Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos.

Virg.

VER. 38. *The various seasons*] The subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac, imitates that in Virgil.

Et quis fuit alter,

Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?

VER. 41. *Then sing by turns,*] Literally from Virgil,

Alternis dicetis: amant alterna Camœnæ:

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,

Nunc frondent Sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.

Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckens from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

VER. 46. *Granville* —] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his poems, most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model.

VER. 47. *A milk-white bull*] Virg. — *Pascite taurum,
Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.*

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let thy numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
 Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
 Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
 If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes.*] Imitation of Virgil,

Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
 Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.

VER. 61. It stood thus at first:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
 Her purple Wool the proud Assyrian coast,
 Blest Thames's shores, *etc.* P.

VER. 61. Originally thus in the MSS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
 Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties show:
 Then die; and dying teach the lovely maid
 How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
 Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song:
 To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
 For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 But Delia always; absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
 Ev'n spring displeases when she shines not here;
 But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

VER. 69, etc. These verses were thus at first:

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
 Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply;
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

VER. 69. *All nature mourns,*]

Aret ager, vitio moriens sitit aëris herba, etc.

Phylidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit. Virg.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears, 85
 A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears :
 Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
 And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
 The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields: 90
 And then a nobler prize I will resign ;
 For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend ; for, Daphnis, I decree,
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
 Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in every grace excell ;
 Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well !
 Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs, 97
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
 While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
 For see ! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend, 101
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

VER. 86. *A wond'rous tree that sacred Monarchs bears.*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.

VER. 90. *The Thistle springs to which the Lilly yields,*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne ; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
 Nascantur Flores, et Phyllida solus habeto.

VER. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
 And trees with twining branches shade your head.

S U M M E R.

T H E

S E C O N D P A S T O R A L,

O R

A L E X I S.

To Dr. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,

VER. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral, by the river's side;
suitable to the heat of the season, the time Noon.

VER. 1, 2. 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition:

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads.

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

The Nāids wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays ; 10
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus, not from Cupid's beams.
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they ?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love ?

VER. 8. *And Jove consented]*

Jupiter et læto descendit plurimus imbri. Virg.

VER. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the Author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing,]*

Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ. Virg.

VER. 16. *The woods shall answer and their echo ring,]* Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion.

VER. 23. *Where stray ye Muses, etc.]*

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ

In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
 Or else where Cam his winding vales divides ?
 As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass ;
 But since these graces please thy eyes no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
 Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew ;
 Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
 To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart !

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer :
 But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death : 40

Naïdes, indigno cum Gallus amore periret ?

*Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
 Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.*

Virg. out of Theocr.

VER. 27.

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
 And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true ;
 But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
 I shun, *etc.*

VER. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus,

nuper me in littore vidi,

*Cum placidum ventis staret mare ; non ego Daphnin,
 Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallit imago.*

VER. 39. *Colin.*] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues,
 where his Mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death, etc.*] *Virg. Ecl. ii.*

Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis

He said ; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name :
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
 Oh ! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r !
 Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
 And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
 Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song : 50
 The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
 Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring !
 Each am'rous Nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
 For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55
 And in one garland all their beauties join ?
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan shades appear !
 Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
 Come, lovely Nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs ;

Fistula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
 Et dixit moriens, te nunc habet ista secundum.

VER. 60. *Descending Gods have found Elysium here.*]

Habitarent Dî quoque sylvas — Virg.

Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Idem.

When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
 And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains and the green retreats!
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
 Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise, 75
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
 But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
 The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,

VER. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
 And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which *Spenser* himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

VER. 80. *And winds shall waft, etc.*]

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures! Virg.

To closer shades the panting flocks remove ;
 Ye Gods ! and is there no relief for Love ?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends : 90
 On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VER. 88. *Ye Gods ! etc.*]

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amori ? Idem.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

A U T U M N.

T H E

T H I R D P A S T O R A L,

O R

H Y L A S and Æ G O N.

To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays :

This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.

Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring ; 5
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire ;

This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil :
The Scene, a Hill ; the Time, at Sun-set.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine.*] Mr. Wycherley a famous author of Comedies ; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve ; though with a little more correctness.

VOL. I.

D

Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms !
 Oh, skill'd in Nature ! see the hearts of Swains, 11
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light ;
 When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan, 15
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores ; 20
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song :
 For her, the lymes their pleasing shades deny ; 25
 For her the lillies hang their heads, and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love ? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay ;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said ? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise !

Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, e're I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep, to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee, 45
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes! — Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

VER. 37.

Aurea duræ

Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ. Virg. Ecl. viii.

VER. 43, etc.

Quale sopor fessis in gramine; quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo. Ecl. v.

VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him thro' Libya's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread the eternal snow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

VER. 52. An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt? Id. viii.

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd ;
Rehearfe, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd. 56

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain :
Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies ; 60

While lab'ring oxen spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat :
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay ! 65
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day :
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs :
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away ;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove ; 75
Just God's ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah ! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes*]

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

What eyes but her's, alas, have pow'r to move !
And is there magic but what dwells in love ! 84

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains !
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forfake mankind, and all the world, — but love !
I know thee, Love ! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed. 90
Thou wert from *Ætna's* burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born !

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day !
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains !

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

VER. 89. Nunc scio quid sit Amor; duris in cotibus illum, etc.

W I N T E R.

T H E

F O U R T H P A S T O R A L,

O R

D A P H N E.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.

Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

Mrs. Tempest.] This Lady was of an antient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walfsh, who, having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9. 1706. "Your last Eclogue being on the same subject
"with mine on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very
"kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the me-
"mory of the same Lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the time, at midnight.

VER. 1. *Thyrsis, the music, etc.*]

Ἄδῳ τι, etc. Theocr. Idyl. i.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
 That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
 Thames hear'd the numbers, as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
 And swell the future harvest of the field.
 Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

VER. 13. *Thames heard, etc.*

Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros. Virg.

VER. 23, 24, 25.

Inducite fontibus umbras —

Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.

“ Let nature change, let heav’n and earth deplore,

“ Fair Daphne’s dead, and love is now no more ! ”

’Tis done, and nature’s various charms decay,

See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day ! 30

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,

Their faded honours scatter’d on her bier.

See, where on earth the flow’ry glories lie,

With her they flourish’d, and with her they die.

Ah what avail the beauties nature wore ? 35

Fair Daphne’s dead, and beauty is no more !

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,

The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,

In notes more sad than when they sing their own ;

In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies, 41

Silent, or only to her name replies ;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,

Now Daphne’s dead, and pleasure is no more !

No grateful dews descend from ev’ning skies, 45

Nor morning odours from the flow’rs arise ;

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,

Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.

The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death, 50

Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath ;

Th’ industrious bees neglect their golden store !

Fair Daphne’s dead, and sweetness is no more !

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MSS.

’Tis done, and nature’s chang’d since you are gone ;

Behold the clouds have *put their Mourning on.*

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
 Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear,
 But tell the reeds and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
 Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
 Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,

VER. 69, 70. miratur limen Clymphi,
 Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sydera Daphnis. Virg.

In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
 To thee, bright Goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
 If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
 While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

T H Y R S I S.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew; 85
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
 Adieu, ye shepherd's rural lays and loves; 90
 Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
 Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

VER. 81.

illius aram

Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg.

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,

Thy honour, name, and praise shall *never end*.

VER. 86.

solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,

Juniperi gravis umbra.

Virg.

VER. 88. *Time conquers all, etc.*]

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spenser's Calendar.

VER. 89. *etc.*] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each.

M E S S I A H.

A

Sacred Eclogue,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

Advertisement.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which fore-tell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprizing, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophesy on the same Subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation. P.

M E S S I A H.

A

Sacred ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more — O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Ifaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

VER. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, etc.]*
Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras —
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

“ Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn re-
“ turns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven.
“ By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain,
“ shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual
“ fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of
“ his Father.”

From * Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies : 10
 Th' Ætherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye † Heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and antient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning || Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See ** lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. ver. 14. " Behold a Virgin shall conceive
 " and bear a Son. — Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. Unto us a Child is
 " born, unto us a Son is given ; the Prince of Peace : of the
 " increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be
 " no end : Upon the throne of *David*, and upon his kingdom,
 " to order and to stablish it, with judgment and with justice, for
 " ever and ever."

VER. 23. *See Nature hastes, etc.*
 Virg. Ec. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,

* Isai. xi. ver. 1. † Ch. xlv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xxv. ver. 4.
 || Ch. ix. ver. 7. ** Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

Hark ! a glad voice the lonely defart chears ;
 Prepare the * way ! a God, a God appears : 30
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise ;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ; 35
 Be smooth ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !

Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho —
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

“ For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled,
 “ produce her early offerings ; winding ivy, mixed with *Baccar*,
 “ and *Colocasia* with smiling *Acanthus*. Thy cradle shall pour
 “ forth pleasing flowers about thee.”

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. “ The wilderness and the soli-
 “ tary place shall be glad, and the defart shall rejoice and
 “ blossom as the rose.” Ch. lx. ver. 13. “ The glory of
 “ *Lebanon* shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree,
 “ and the box together, to beautify the place of thy fan-
 “ ctuary.”

VER. 29. *Hark ! a glad voice, etc.*
 Virg. E. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum. —
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera Jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!

E. v. ver. 62.

“ Oh come and receive the mighty honours : the time draws
 “ nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of
 “ *Jove* ! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to
 “ the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out,
 “ A God, a God ! ”

ISAIAH, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. “ The voice of him that crieth
 “ in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord ! make
 “ strait in the defart a high way for our God ! Every valley

* Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

The Saviour comes ! by antient bards foretold :
 Hear * him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day : 40
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe,
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In † adamantine chains shall death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good ‡ shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd || father of the future age.
 No more shall ** nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

“ shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made
 “ low, and the crooked shall be made strait, and the rough
 “ places plain.” Ch. iv. ver. 23. “ Break forth into sing-
 “ ing, ye mountains ! O forest, and every tree therein ! for
 “ the Lord hath redeemed *Israel*.”

* Ch. xlii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. † Ch. xxv.
 ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xl. ver. 11. || Ch. ix. ver. 6.

** Ch. ii. ver. 4.

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ; 60
 But uselefs lances into scythes shall bend,
 and the broad faulcion in a plow share end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful * Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren † desarts with surprize
 See lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste, sandy ‡ valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
 To leafelefs shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.

VER. 67. *The swain in barren desarts*] Virg. E. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

“ The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red
 “ grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks
 “ shall distil honey like dew.”

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. “ The parched ground shall be-
 “ come a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water : In the
 “ habitations where dragons lay, shall be grafs, and reeds and
 “ rushes.” Ch. lv. ver. 13. “ Instead of the thorn shall come
 “ up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the
 “ myrtle-tree.”

* Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22.

† Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

‡ Ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13.

The * lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead !
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless † serpents lick the pilgrims feet. 80
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial ‡ Salem, rise ! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, etc.*] Virg. E. iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones —
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet. —

“ The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with
 “ milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions.
 “ The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall
 “ die.”

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. ver. 16. *etc.* “ The wolf shall dwell with
 “ the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and
 “ the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and a
 “ little child shall lead them. — And the lion shall eat straw
 “ like the ox. An the sucking child shall play on the hole of
 “ the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of
 “ the cockatrice.”

VER. 85. *Rise crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !*]

The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest part of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!
 —toto surget gens aurea mundo!
 —incipient magni procedere menses!
 Aspice, venturo lætentur omnia sæclo! *etc.*

* Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.
 ver. 1.

† Ch. lxxv. ver. 25.

‡ Ch. lx.

See, a long * race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future fons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life impatient for the skies ! 90
 See barb'rous † nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of ‡ Sabea springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising || Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ; 100
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The ** seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

* Ch. lx. ver. 4. † Ch. lx. ver. 3. ‡ Ch. lx. ver. 6.
 || Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20. ** Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

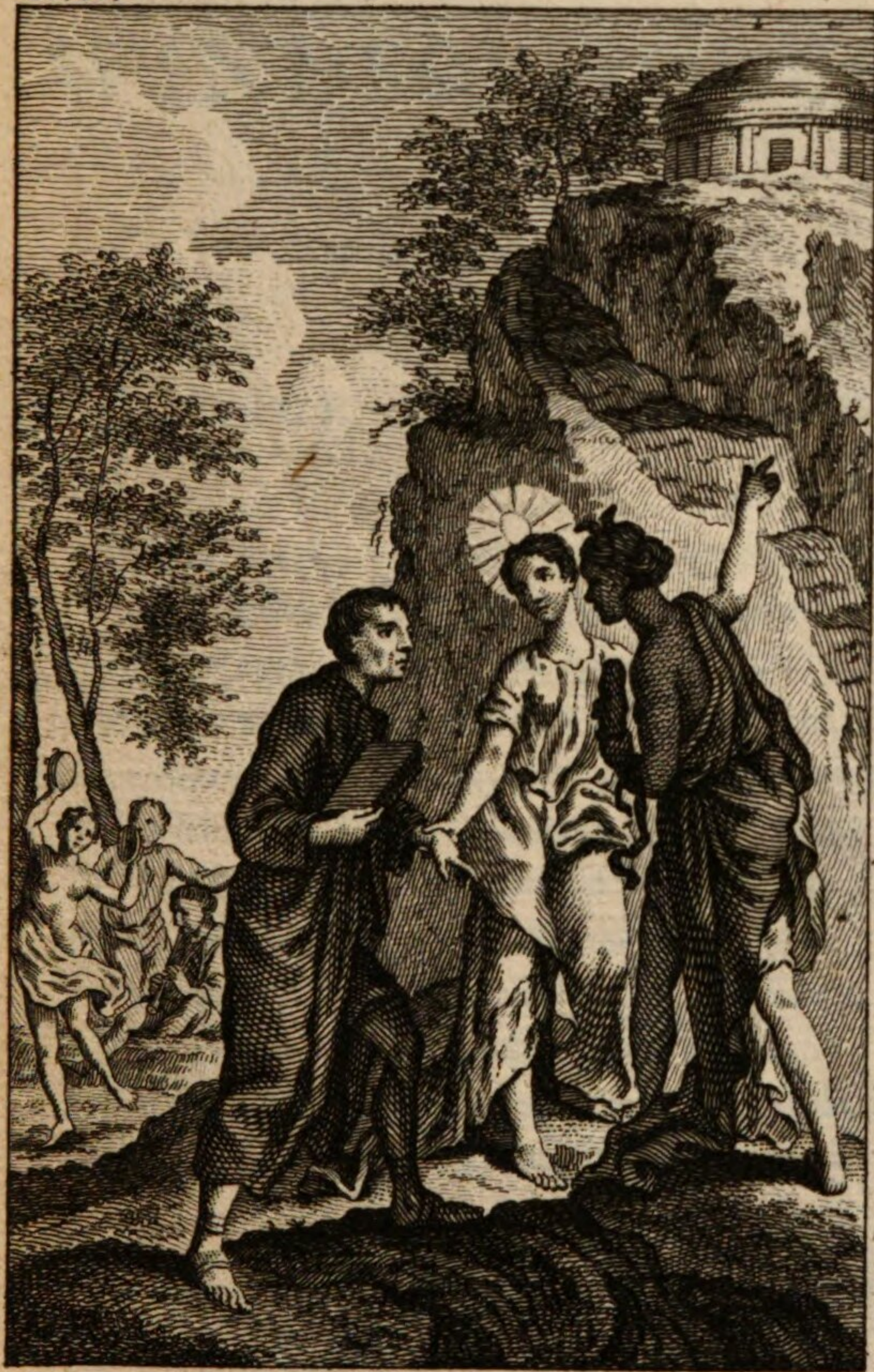
WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano : Te nostræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet : nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* prescripsit pagina nomen.

VIRG.



*That not in Fancy's Maze he wander'd long
but stoop'd to Truth and moraliz'd his Song.*

Ep. to D^r Arbuthnot.



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WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY forests, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,
 At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 GRANVILLE commands ; your aid, O Muses bring,
 What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing ! 6
 The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song :
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again ;

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

VER. 3. *etc.* Originally thus,

Chaste Goddesses of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades.
Unlock your springs —

VER. 6. neget quis carmina Gallo? Virg.

Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd :
 Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades,
 Here in full light the russet plains extend :
 There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd ;
 Here blushing Flora paints the enamel'd ground,

VER. 25. Originally thus ;

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
 While thro' fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath ?

Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And noding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ; 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell a STEWART reigns.
 Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary defart, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
 And Kings more furious and severe than they ;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves,) 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd ?
 In vain kind Seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain ;
 The swain with tears his frustate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60

VER. 45. *savage laws.*] The Forest Laws.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
 (For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man)

VER. 57, *etc.*

No wonder savages or subjects slain —
 But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word savages is not properly applied to beasts, but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 'The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar ;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave ! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser and at once the prey :

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd, etc.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the Tyrannies exercised there by William I.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :*]

Translated from,

Templā adimit divis, forā civibus, arva colonis,
 an old monkish writer, I forget who.

VER. 72. *And wolves with howling fill. etc.*

The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror.

Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 and secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears 91
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;

VER. 89. *Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.* Virg.

VER. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
 Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
 Breath plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And into wine the purple harvest bleeds *,
 The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
 Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasures yields.

* Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to describe the season by a circumstance not proper to our climate, the vintage.

But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101
 Couch'd close he lies and meditates the prey;
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106
 Some thoughtless town with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 'The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 'To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.)

VER. 107. It stood thus in the first Editions:

Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the host lie down
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

VER. 115. nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
 Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis infula texit. Virg.

With slaughter'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ; 126
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky : 130
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death :
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
 And pykes the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the op'ning hound.

VER. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

VER. 129. The Fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.

VER. 134. Præcipites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt.

Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein, 151

And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:

Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,

And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost. 154

See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,

Rush thro' the thickets, down the vallies sweep,

Hang o'er their courser's heads with eager speed,

And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,

Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train; 160

Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen

As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN;

Whose care, like her's protects the sylvan reign,

The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165

And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor's shade;

Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,

Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;

Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,

Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,

Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;

(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,

The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)

VER. 151. *Th' impatient courser, etc.*] Translated from Statius,

Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille

Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

VER. 152. QUEEN ANNE.

Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone. 176
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care ;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair ;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky ;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves ;
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears ;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears ;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun ;

Ver. 175.

Nec positu variare comas ; ubi fibula vestem,
 Vittæ coercuerat neglectos alba capillos. Ovid.

VER. 185, 187.

Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbæ,
 Ut solet accipiter trepidus agitare columbas. Ovid.

VER. 192, 195.

Sol erat a tergo : vidi præcedere longam
 Ante pedes umbram : nisi si timor illa videbat.
 Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar ; et ingens
 Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris.

And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain ;
 " Ah Cynthia ! ah — tho' banish'd from thy train,
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair, 201
 " My native shades — there weep, and murmur there.
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215
 And floating forests paint the waves with green,
 Thro' the fair scene roll flow the ling'ring streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
 Thou too, great father of the British floods !
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ; 220
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear.

VER. 207. *Still bears the name*] The River Loddon.

VER. 211. *Oft in her glass, etc.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem.

Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 No Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods : 230
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
 Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
 His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves : 236
 Happy next him, who to the shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires :
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields :
 With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs ;
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ; 245
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;

VER. 233 It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
 To change Ulympus, *etc.*

VER. 235.

Happy the man, who to the shades retires,
 But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires !
 Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please ;
 But far more blest, who study joins with ease.

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end ;
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam, 255
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,
 whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless, 260
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes and surrounding greens.
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove :
 Led by the sound I roam from shade to shade,
 By God-like Poets venerable made : 270

VER. 251, 252. Servare modum finemque tenere,
 Naturamque sequi, Lucr.

VER. 261. O qui me gelidis, etc. Virg.

VER. 267. It stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
 And hear your music echoing thro' the grove :
 With transport visit each inspiring shade
 By God-like Poets venerable made,

Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY's tongue.
 O early lost ! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led ?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 275
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY strung
 His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung ? 280
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
 Are these reviv'd ? or is it GRANVILLE sings !
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes, 285
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

VER. 272. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*]
 Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest, and
 was from thence convey'd to Westminster.

VER. 275.

What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore !
 His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

VER. 290. *her silver star.*] All the lines that follow were
 not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately
 followed this, and made the conclusion, were these,

My humble Muse in unambitious strains
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains ;

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windfor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains 301
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!

With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field, 305
 The lillies blazing on the regal shield:
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310

Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
 Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

VER. 291. *Here noble Surrey.*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry, who flourish'd in the time of Henry VIII.

VER. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here.

VER. 305. Originally thus in the MS.

When Brass decays, when Trophies lie o'er-thrown,
 And mould'ring into dust drops the proud stone.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn,
 Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites ; where ev'n the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone) 320
 Oh fact accurs'd ! what tears has Albion shed,
 Heav'ns, what new wounds ! and how her old have bled ?
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
 Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
 At length great ANNA said—" Let Discord cease !"
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace !

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head. 330

VER. 311. *Henry mourn,*] Henry VI.

VER. 314. *Once-fear'd Edward sleeps :*] Edward IV.

VER. 321. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurst ! oh sacrilegious brood,
 Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood !
 Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed !
 Gods ! what new wounds, &c.

VER. 327. Thus in the MS.

'Till Anna rose and bade the Furies cease ;
Let there be peace—she said, and all was *Peace* :

Between Verse 328 and 329, originally stood these lines :

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
 O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,

His tresses drop'd with dew, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam :
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
 And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers flood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood !
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame : 340
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
 The Loddon flow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
 And chalkey Way, that rolls a milky wave :
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ; 345
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind) 350
 The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise ;
 Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

With sparkling flames heav'ns glowing concave shone,
 Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
 He saw, and gently rose above the stream ;
 His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam :
 With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was dress'd,
 The tributes of the distant East and West.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days, 355
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows; 360
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train; 365
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall die with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain; 370
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace;
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending Villa's on my side, 375
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
 Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.

VER. 363. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Tow'rs amidst the Main,
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
 Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

VER. 378. *And Temples rise,*] The fifty new Churches.

I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend ! 380
 There mighty Nations shall enquire their doom,
 The World's great Oracle in times to come ;
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods
 And half thy forests rush into thy floods, 386
 Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day ;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole ; 390
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold, 395
 And Phoebus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide ; 400
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

VER. 385, &c. were originally thus :

Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display.
 To the rich regions of the rising day,
 Or those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps
 His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps :
 Tempt icy seas, &c.

Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire! 406
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more;
 'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves, 410
 Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other Maxico's be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel: 420
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light; 426
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,

VER. 419. Quo, Musa, tendis? desine pervicax.

Referre sermones Deorum et

Magna modis tenuare parvis.

HOR.

Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing. 430
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

O D E

O N

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

MDCCVIII.

A N D O T H E R

PIECES for MUSIC.

THE
OF
THE
THE
THE
THE

O D E

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

MDCCLXII

AND OTHER

PIECES FOR MUSIC.

ODE for MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing ;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre !

In a sadly-pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain :

Let the loud trumpet sound,

'Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound :

While in more lengthen'd notes and flow,

The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear

Gently steal upon the ear ;

Now louder, and yet louder rise,

And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,

In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;

'Till, by degrees, remote and small,

The strains decay,

And melt away,

In a dying, dying fall.

10

15

20

II

By Music, minds an equal temper know,

Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,

Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;

25

Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,

Exalts her in enlivening airs.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;

Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :

Melancholy lifts her head,

30

Morpheus rouzes from his bed,

Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,

Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes ;

Intestine war no more our Passions wage,

And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

35

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,

How martial Music ev'ry bosom warms !

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,

High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees

40

Descend from Pelion to the main.

Transported demi-gods stood round,

And men grew heroes at the sound,

Enflam'd with glory's charms :

Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,

45

And half unsheath'd the shining blade :

And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound

To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds, 50
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts ! 55
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans, 60
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts !
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
 And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See, shady forms advance ! 65
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
 The Furies sink upon their Iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow, 71
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel, 75
 Or Amaranthine bow'rs ;

By the hero's armed shades,
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades ;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove, 80
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's prayer ;
 Stern Proserpine relented, 85
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious ?
 Tho' fate had fast bound her 90
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ! 95
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Mæanders, 100
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost !

Now with Furies furrounded,

105

Despa iring, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;

Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—

Ah see, he dies !

111

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods,

115

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Musick the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm :

Musick can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please :

120

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

125

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear ;

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire :

And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,

130

To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

T W O
C H O R U S ' S

T O T H E
Tragedy of B R U T U S*.

CHORUS of ATHENIANS.

S T R O P H E I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought ;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught :
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd !
In vain your guileless laurels stood 5
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters ! source of art !
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart ; 10
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and mystic Song :

* Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire those two Chorus's were composed to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house, P.

To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forfaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

15

S T R O P H E II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore; 20
 See Arts her savage sons controul,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 'Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land?

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds,

CHORUS of YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
 But entering learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has imprest? 10
 Why Nature dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the God's approve;
 The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs, 15
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire. 20

But Hymen's kinder flames unite ;
 And burn for ever one ;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

S E M I C H O R U S.

Oh source of ev'ry social tye, 25
 United wish, and mutual joy !
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend ?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise ; 30
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye ;
 Or views his smiling progeny ;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move ?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns, 35
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

C H O R U S.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes ;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine : 40
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;
 Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.

O D E on SOLITUDE *.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,

In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5

Whose flocks supply him with attire,

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find 1

Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10

In health of body, peace of mind,

Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,

Together mixt; sweet recreation:

And innocence, which most does please 15

With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,

Thus unlamented let me die,

Steal from the world, and not a stone,

Tell where I lie. 20

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

The dying Christian to his SOUL.

O D E.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame :
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the blefs of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

5

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me my Soul, can this be Death ?

10

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

The dying Christian to his Soul.

O D E

I.

VITAL PART of ME, my Name:

Ours, all quit this mortal frame:

I remain, alone, long time, lying

On the edge the sick of dying:

Grief, fond, I know, could I not

And let me languish into life.

II.

I ask! O, what I long to say,

Ours, all quit this mortal frame:

What is this, I know not, I feel

Grief, fond, I know, could I not

Tell me my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world, I know, is full of pain:

Ours, all quit this mortal frame:

With sounds of woe, I hear

And, I feel, your woe, I feel

Ours, all quit this mortal frame:

Ours, all quit this mortal frame:

AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM.

Written in the Year M,DCC,IX.

VOL. I.

L

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That most men are born with some Taste, but spoil'd by false Education, ver. 19 to 25.

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That we are to study our own Taste, and know the Limits of it, ver. 46 to 67.

Nature the best guide of judgment, ver 68 to 87.

Improv'd by Art and Rules, which are but methodis'd Nature, ver. 88.

Rules deriv'd from the Practice of the Ancient Poets, ver. id. to 110.

That therefore the Ancients are necessary to be study'd by a Critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120 to 138.

Of Licenses and the use of them by the Ancients, ver. 140 to 180.

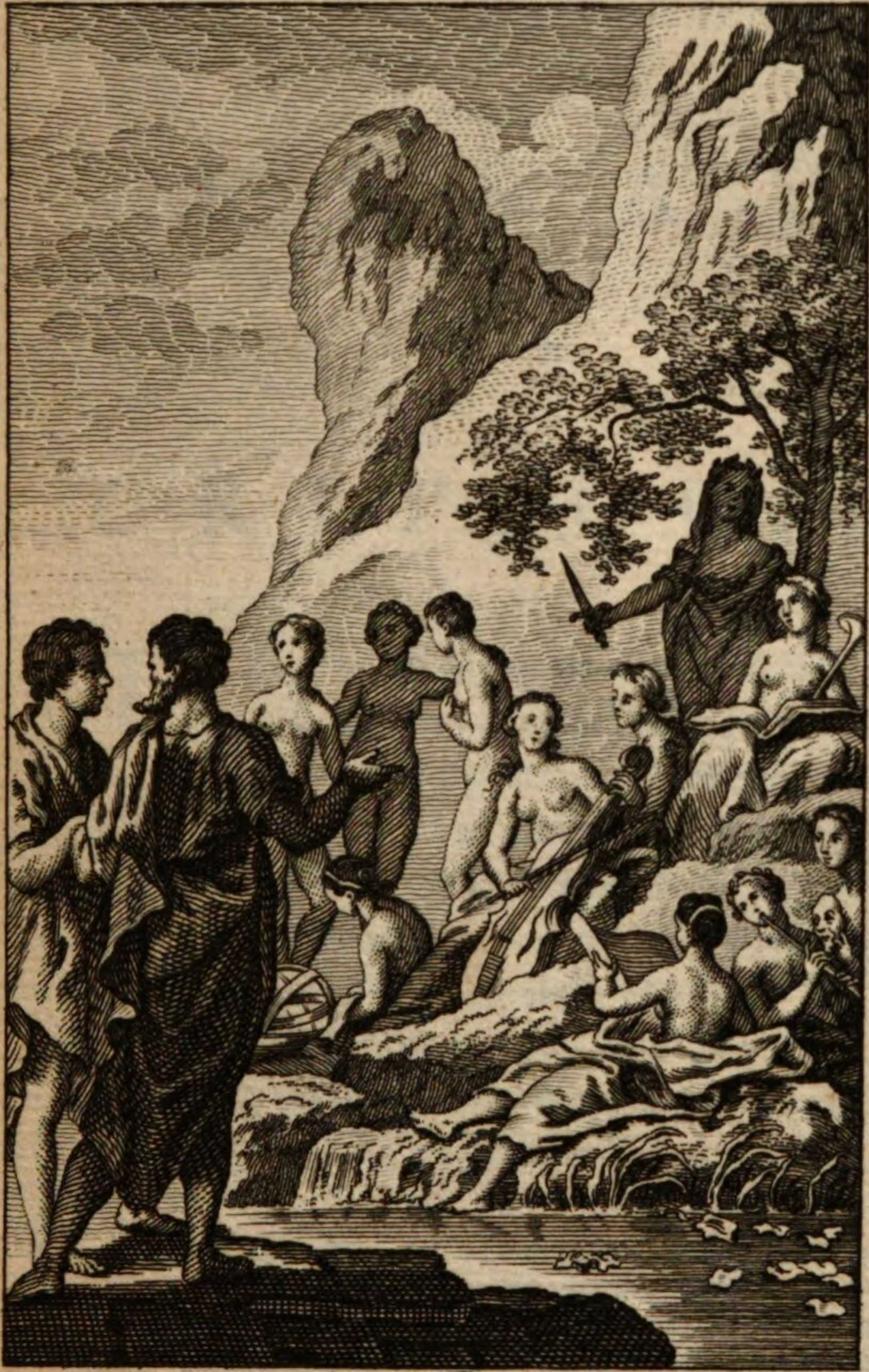
Reverence due to the Ancients, and praise of them, ver. 181, etc.

P A R T II. Ver. 203, etc.

Causes hindering a true Judgment. 1. Pride, ver. 208. 2. Imperfect Learning, ver. 215. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, ver. 233 to 288. Critics in Wit, Language, Versification, only, 288. 305. 339, etc. 4. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire, ver. 384. 5. Partiality—too much love to a Sect, — to the Ancients or Moderns, ver. 394. 6. Prejudice or Prevention, ver. 408. 7. Singularity, ver. 424. 8. Inconstancy, ver. 430. 9. Party Spirit, ver. 452, etc. 10. Envy, ver. 466. *Against Envy and in praise of Good nature, ver. 538, etc. When Severity is chiefly to be used by Critics, ver. 526, etc.*

P A R T III. Ver. 560, etc.

Rules for the Conduct and Manners in a Critic. 1. Candour, ver. 563. Modesty, ver. 566. Good breeding, ver. 572. Sincerity and Freedom of advice, ver. 578. 2. *When one's Counsel is to be restrained, ver. 584. Character of an incorrigible Poet, ver. 600. And of an impertinent Critic, ver. 610, etc. Character of a good Critic, ver. 629. The History of Criticism, and Characters of the best Critics, Aristotle, ver. 645. Horace, ver. 653. Dionysius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 667. Quintilian, ver. 670. Longinus, ver. 675. Of the Decay of Criticism, and its Revival. Erasmus, ver. 693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. Lord Roscommon, etc. ver. 725. Conclusion.*



— He stood convinc'd twas fit,
Who conquers Nature should preside o'er Wit.

Essay on Crit.



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A N
E S S A Y
O N
C R I T I C I S M.

'T IS hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill ;
But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10

An Essay] The Poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The first to [ver. 201.] gives rules for the *Study of the Art of Criticism*: the second [from thence to ver. 560.] exposes the *Causes of wrong Judgment*; and the third [from thence to the end] prescribes the *Morals of the Critic*. When the Reader hath well considered the whole, and hath observed the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of the several parts, the penetration into Nature, and the compass of Learning so conspicuous throughout, he should then be told that it was the work of an Author who had not attained the twentieth Year of his age.

In Poets as true genius is but rare,
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share ;
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not Critics to their judgment too ?
 Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind : 20
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd :
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools, 26
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

VER. 15. *Let such teach others*] “ Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit.” *Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv.* “ De pictore, sculptore, fectore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest.” *Pliny.*

VER. 20. *Most have the seeds*] “ Omnes tacito quodam sensu sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus, recta et prava dijudicant.” *Cic. de Orat. lib. iii.*

VER. 25. *So by false learning*] “ Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina.” *Quint.*

Between ver. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted by the Author :

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
 Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
 Tutors like Virtuoso's, oft inclin'd
 By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
 Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new ;
 Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence :
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
 Or with a rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.

All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past, 36
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.
 Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd Witlings num'rous in our isle, 40
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal :
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
 And mark that point where sense and dullness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely crub'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ; 55
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid power of understanding fails ;

Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit ; 60
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit :
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more : 65
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchang'd and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides ;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides :
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul 76
 With spirits feeds, and vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed ;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed ; 85

VER. 80.

There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it.

The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shews most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd ;
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd,

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights :
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trode ; 95
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the poet's fire, 100
And taught the world with Reason to admire.

Then Criticism the Muses handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd :
But following wits from that intention stray'd, 104
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.

So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.

VER. 98. *Just precepts*] 'Nec enim artibus editis factum est
" ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam
" præciperentur; mox ea scriptores observata et collecta edide-
" runt." Quintil.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :—
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
 Know well each ANCIENT's proper character ;
 His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page ; 120
 Religion, Country, genius of his Age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night ; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse ;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize*] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions :

Zoilus, had these been known, without a Name
 Had dy'd, and *Perault* ne'er been damn'd to fame ;
 The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprofan'd.
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd ;
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind 130
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design :
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
 To copy nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles Poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach
 And which a master hand alone can reach. 145
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)

VER. 130. *When first young Maro, &c.*] Virg. Eclog. vi.

Cum canerem reges et prœlia, Cynthius aurem
 Vellit.

When first young Maro sung of Kings and Wars

Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs: which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, &c.*] “ Neque enim rogationibus plebisve scitis sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc, quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit. Non nego autem sic utile esse plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadet Utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur.” Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 13.

Some lucky License answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that License is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains. 155
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend. 160
 But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170
 Some figures monstrous, and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display 175
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,

170 VER. 175. *A prudent chief, etc.*] Οἷόν τι ποιοῦσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι
 171 ἑραυλάται κατὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων — Dion. Hal.
 172 *fruct. erat.*

But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.

See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring! 186

In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.

Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;

Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!

O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream,*] “*Modeste, et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronuncian-
dum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non
intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem,
omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere
maluerim.*” Quint.

VER. 183. *Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all involving age.*] The Poet here
alludes to the four great causes of the ravage amongst ancient
writings: The destruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine
libraries by *fire*; the fiercer rage of *Zoilus* and *Mævius* and
their followers, against *Wit*; the irruption of the *Barbarians*
into the empire; and the long reign of *Ignorance* and *Supersti-
tion* in the *cloisters*.

(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200

Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest biafs rules,
 Is PRIDE, the nev'r-failing vice of fools.

Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
 She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
 Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty Void of sense. 210

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend — and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing; 215
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 220
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,

VER. 225. So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,

Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 230
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ :
 Survey the WHOLE, nor seek flight faults to find 235
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep ;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome !)
 No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes ; 250

The Traveller beholds with chearful eyes
 The less'ning vales and seems to tread the skies.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.*] “Diligenter legendum
 “est, ac pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem : Nec per partes modo
 “scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex integro
 “resumendus.” Quint.

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear ;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's End, 255
Since none can compass more than they intend ;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit: 260
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part :
They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage ; 270
Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice ;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275
The manners, passions, unities ; what not ?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
“ What ! leave the Combat out ? ” exclaims the Knight.
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280

“ Not so by Heav’n” (he answers in a rage)
 “ Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.”
 So vast a throng the stage can ne’er contain.
 “ Then build a new, or act it in a plain.”

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice, 285
 Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
 Form short Ideas ; and offend in arts
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
 And glitt’ring thoughts struck out at ev’ry line ; 290
 Pleas’d with a work where nothing’s just or fit ;
 One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus, unskill’d to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover ev’ry part, 295
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress’d,
 What oft was thought, but ne’er so well express’d ;
 Something, whose truth convinc’d at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind. 300

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than does ’em good,
 As bodies perish thro’ excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care express, 305
 And value books, as women men, for Dress:
 Their Praise is still, — the Style is excellent :
 The Sense, they humbly take upon content.

VER. 299. “ Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur : id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.” Quintil. lib. viii. c. 3.

Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310

Falle eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place ;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay :

But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun, 315 }
Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none. }

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable ;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd 320
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :

For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects fort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense ; 325
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

Unlucky, as Fungoso in the Play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ; 330 }

VER. 324. *Some by old words, etc.*] " Abolita et abrogata
" retinere, insolentiæ cujusdam est, et frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ."
Quintil. lib. i. c. 6.

" Opus est, ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint
" neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique
" ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus
" est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo
" ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime
" nova." Idem.

VER. 328.— *unlucky as Fungoso, etc.*] See Ben Johnson's
Every Man in his Humour.

And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfires, in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire; 340
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire; 345
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," 350
 In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:"

VER. 337. *But most by numbers, etc.*]

Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli
 Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos
 Effundat junctura unguis: scit tendere versum
 Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.

Perf. Sat. i.

VER. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, etc.*] "Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt." Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. ix. c. 4.

If crystal streams “ with pleasing murmurs creep,”
 The reader’s threat’n’d (not in vain) with “ sleep : ”
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought, 355
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its flow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhimes, and know
 What’s roundly smooth, or languishingly flow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham’s strength, and Waller’s sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn’d to dance.
 ’Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense : 365
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock’s vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow : 371
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o’er th’ unbending corn, and skims along the main.

VER. 366. *Soft is the strain, etc.*]

Tum si læta canunt, etc. Vida Poet. l. iii. ver. 403.

VER. 368. *But when loud surges, etc.*]

Tum longe sale saxa sonant, etc. Vida ib. 388.

VER. 370. *When Ajax strives, etc.*]

Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno, etc.

Vida ib. 417.

VER. 372. *Not so, when swift Camilla, etc.*]

At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo, etc.

Vida ib. 420.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise ! 375
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by Sound !
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid Extremes ; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shews great pride, or little sense ;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move ; 390
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
 As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
 Dullness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
 The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize ; 395
 Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;

VER. 374. *Hear how Timotheus, etc.*] See *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music* ; an Ode by Mr. Dryden.

Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;
 Tho' each may feel increas'd and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days. 405
 Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the Town :
 They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dullness joins with Quality. 415
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me ?
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault.
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The Vulgar thus thro' Imitation err :
 As oft the Learn'd by being singular ; 425
 So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night ;
 But always think the last opinion right. 431

A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 'This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd ;
 While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. 435
 Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still, they say ;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools ; so wise we grow ;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'er-spread ; 440
 Who knew most Sentences was deepest read :
 Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted :
 Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445
 If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn ?
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit ;
 And authors think their reputation safe, 450
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

VER. 445. *Duck-lane.*] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield.

VER. 447. Between this and ver. 448.

The rhyming Clowns that gladdened Shakespear's age,
 No more with crambo entertain the stage.
 Who now in Anagrams their Patron praise,
 Or sing their Mistress in Acrostic lays ?
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore ;
 Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore !
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit ;
 And authors thought their reputation safe,
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus ;
But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past ; 460
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :
Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue :
But like a shadow, proves the substance true :
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays, 470
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend. 475
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years :
Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast ;

Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright Idea of the master's mind, 485
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give, 490
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which must our cares employ? 500
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 505
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards, who could excell, 510
And such were prais'd, who but endeavour'd well:

Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down ; 515
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools :
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill Author is as bad a Friend. 520
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise !
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the man be lost.
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join : 525
 To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain ;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times. 530
 No pardon vile Obscenity should find,
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind ;
 But Dullness with Obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease, 535
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase :
 When love was all an easy Monarch's care ;
 Seldom at council, never in a war :
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit :
 The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play, 541
 And not a Mask went unimprov'd away :

The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a Foreign reign 545
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their right dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute : 550
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there !
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, Critics ! with your darts engage, 555
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. 560

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know.
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join ;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine :
 That not alone what to your sense is due 565
 All may allow, but seek your friendship too.
 Be silent always, when you doubt your sense ;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence :
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who if once wrong, will needs be always so ; 570

VER. 547. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *National Reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any People whatever.

But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a Critic on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true :
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not, 575
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without Good-Breeding, truth is disapprov'd ;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence ;
For the worst avarice is that of sense. 580
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 586
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce Tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull ; 590
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take Degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,
And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the World believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 596

VER. 587. *And stares, tremendous, etc*] This picture was taken to himself by *John Dennis*, a furious old Critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic : For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270. he took it as a Compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this *Abuse of his Person*.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
and charitably let the dull be vain :

Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write ? 600

Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.

False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.

What crouds of these, impenitently bold, 605
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,

Still run on Poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,

Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence. 610

Such shameless Bards we have : and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With his own tongue still edifies his ears, 615
And always list'ning to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Dufey's Tales.

With him, most authors steal their works, or buy ;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary. 620

Name a new Play, and he's the Poets friend,
Nay show'd his faults — but when would Poets mend ?

VER. 620. *Garth did not write, etc.*] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving Author. Our Poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed ; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten.

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard :
 Nay, fly to Altars ; there they'll talk you dead ; 625
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes ;
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside, 630
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
 But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know ?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite ;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right ; 635
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred ; and tho' well-bred, sincere ;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe :
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfinn'd ; 640
 A knowledge both of books and human kind ;
 Gen'rous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side ?
 Such once were Critics ; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew. 645

VER. 624. Between this and ver. 625:

In vain you shrug and sweat, and strive to fly :
 These know no *Manners* but of Poetry.
 They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
 To treat of *Unities* of time and place.

The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the Light of the Mæonian star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free, 650
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws ; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense, 655
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire ; 660
 His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.
 Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with fle'me :
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations. 665

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line !

Between ver. 647 and 648. were the following lines, since
 suppress'd by the author :

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
 Whose first discov'ry's not exceeded yet,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian Star,
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
 He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,
 Like his great Pupil, figh'd, and long'd for more :
 Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
 A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
 Poets, etc.

VER. 666 See *Dionysius*.] Of Halicarnassus.

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find 670
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd :
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command. 675

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws ; 680
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew ;
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew ; 685
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind ;
Much was believ'd, but little understood, 690
And to be dull was constru'd to be good ;
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

Between ver. 691. and 692. the author omitted these two.

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
When none but Saints had license to be proud.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!) 695
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread, 700
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive:
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung. 705
Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd, 710
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France;
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways. 715
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the founder few 720
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.

Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well." 725

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood ;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own.

Such late was Walsh — the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend ; 731
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.

This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give : 735

The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries ; 739

Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew :

Careless of Censure, nor too fond of fame ;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
 Averse alike, to flatter or offend ;

Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend. 745

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

AN
HEROI-COMICAL
POEM.

Written in the Year M,DCC,XII.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE LATE
JAMES OGLETHORPE

BY
JAMES OGLETHORPE
THE
LIFE OF THE LATE

JAMES OGLETHORPE
THE
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LIFE OF THE LATE

T O

Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

M A D A M,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet You may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: Let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is

so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end, (except the loss of your Hair, which I always, mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

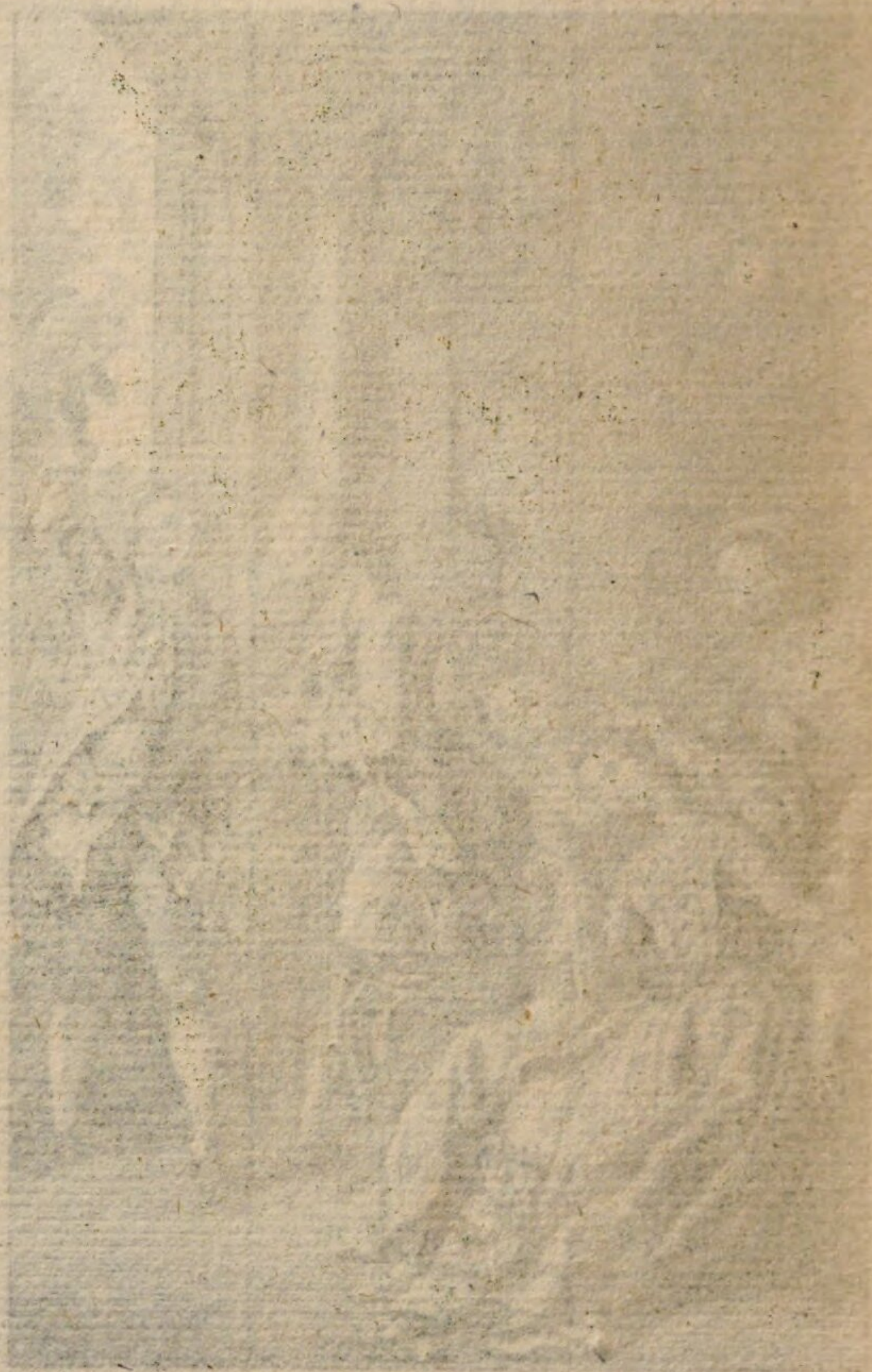
M A D A M,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

A. P O P E.



*Let Wreaths of Triumph now my Temple's twin,
The Victor cry'd, the glorious Prize is mine.
Rape of the Lock.*



Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located below the stamp.

T H E

R A P E of the L O C K.

* Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos !
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

C A N T O I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing — This verse to CARYL, Muse ! is due :
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view :
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

* It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*) originally proposed the subject to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble Families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch, (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Canto's only, and it was so printed; first, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs.

Say what strange motive, Goddess ! could compel
 A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle !
 O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord ? 10
 In tasks so bold can little men engage,
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage !

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
 And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day :
 Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake, 15
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve awake :
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest : 20

and extended it to five Canto's. We shall give the Reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Canto I. *ver. 19, etc.*

This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his *skill* and *art* as a Poet.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the first Editions,

And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
 And lodge such daring souls in little Men ?

VER. 13, *etc.* Stood thus in the first Edition,

Sol thro' white curtains did his beams display,
 And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they :
 Shock just had giv'n himself the rousing shake,
 And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take :
 Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
 And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

VER. 19. *Belinda still, etc.*] All the verses from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards.

VER. 20 *Her Guardian Sylph.*] The Rosicrucian System, on which the Machinery of this Poem is founded, is a sort of Theo.

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of air!
 If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught; 30
 Of airy Elves by moon-light shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
 What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40

logical philosophy made up of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism and the Jewish Cabbala. It was the invention of the fanatic Alchemists in their search after the grand secret. The French tract intitled, *Le Comte de Gabalis*, from which, as our Author tells us in his dedication, he took the hint of this System, was publish'd in 1671 by the Abbé Villiers, and is a very ingenious piece of raillery on that phantastical Sect. From this Book our Author has not taken any circumstances relating to the *Gnomes* or *Sylphs*, but only the general idea of their existence; and to fit them the more to his purpose, he has artfully accommodated the Legendary Tales of Fairies and Guardian Angels to the *Rosicrucian System*.

Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky :
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in Air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould ;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead ;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
 And Love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,
 To their first Elements their Souls retire :
 The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
 Mount up and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

VER. 54, 55.

Quæ gratia currum
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

Virg. Æn. vi.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes, and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting Maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
 When music softens, and when dancing fires;
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the Gnome's embrace. 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?

With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart ; 100
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth ! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star,
I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend ; 110

But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where :
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware !
This to disclose is all thy guardian can :
Beware of all, but most beware of Man !

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue. 116
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux ;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.

VER. 121. *And now, unveil'd, etc.*] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr. Parnelle, deserve, for their humour, to be here inserted.

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
Emicat in mensa, quæ splendet pyxide densa :

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear; 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.

Tum primum lymp̄ha, se purgat candida Nympha,
 Jamque sine menda, cœlestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
 Hæc stupet explorans, ceu cultûs numen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
 Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia! laute,
 Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devota, se pandit hic India tota,
 Et tota ex ista transpirat Arabia cista;
 Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
 Atque elephas lente, te pectit Lesbia dente;
 Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
 Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde;
 Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
 Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
 Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visus,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua Purpura gliscet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet mage fulgor ocellis.
 Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,
 His figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
 Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
 Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The Tortoise here, and Elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows.
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face :
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

T H E

RAPE of the LOCK.

C A N T O II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
 Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. 6
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those : 10
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride 15
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide ;
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom*] From hence the poem continues in the first Edition, to ver 46.

The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air ;
 all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20
 In equal curles, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd ;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
 For when success a Lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this 'ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd ;
 But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built
 Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;
 And all the trophies of his former loves. 40
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breaths three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain and long possess the prize :
 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :

While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die : 50
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons strait his Denizens of air ; 55
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
 Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
 That seem but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ; 70
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun :

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear !
 Ye know the Spheres, and various tasks assign'd 75
 By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.

130 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky. 80

Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the British Throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care ;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale ;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs ;
To steal from rainbows, e'er they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
'To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight ;
Eut what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw ;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball ; 109
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.

Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care ;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock ; 115
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat :
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale,
 Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125
 Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :
 Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clog'd he beats his filken wings in vain ; 130
 Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flow'r :
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
 In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend ;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ; 140
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'r's,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes Tea.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; 15
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

VER. 1. *Close by those meads,*] The first Edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto.

VER. 11, 12. Originally in the first Edition,

In various talk the chearful hours they pass,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ; 20
 The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine ;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom :
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card :
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore ;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in Majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard ;
 And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r ; 40
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band ;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care : 45
 Let Spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they were.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of a Toilet cease*] All that follows of the game at *Ombre*, was added since the first Edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd.

Now move to war her fable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord !
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Balto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu.
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ; 65
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Clubs black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mein, and barb'rous pride: 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unweildy spread ;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

VER. 47. *Now move to war, etc.*] The whole idea of this description of a game at Ombre is taken from Vida's description of a game at Chess, in his poem intitled, *Scacchia Ludus*.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 135

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace : 75
 Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall, 85
 In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ; 90
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
 And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen 95
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate,

VER. 101.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
 Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis !

Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons are crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round; 106
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoaking tide: 110
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade,
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
Ah cease, rash youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to Mischief mortals bend their will, 125
How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:

Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit.

Virg.

VER. 105. *Sudden the board, etc.*] From hence, the first Edition continues to ver. 134.

VER. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*] Vide Ovid. Metam. viii.

So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers ends ;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant streams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair :
 And thrice they twich'd the diamond in her ear ;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought : 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
 Resign'd to fate, and, with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock ; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd ; 150

VER. 134. In the first Edition it was thus,

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head,
 First he expands the glitt'ring Forfex wide
 T' inclose the Lock ; then joins it, to divide :
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever,
 From the fair head for ever and for ever.

ver. 154.

All that is between was added afterwards.

Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head for ever and for ever.

Then flash'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies. 156
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While Nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170
 What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments like men submit to fate!

VER. 152. *But airy substance*] See Milton, lib. iv. of Satan cut asunder by the Angel Michael.

VER. 163, 170.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.
 Virg.

VER. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman; full of Court, and Party-scandal: and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched Taste of the better vulgar.

Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy ;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair Nymph ! thy hairs should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel ?

VER. 177.

Ille quoque everfus mons est, etc.

Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant ?

Catull. de com. Berenices.

T H E
RAPE of the LOCK.

C A N T O IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive Nymph oppres'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers rob'd of all their blifs, 5
 Not ancient ladies, when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin, for thy ravish'd Hair. 10
 For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
 Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

VER. I. At regina gravi, etc.

Virg. Æn. iv.

VER. II. *For, that sad moment, etc.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, that describe the house of Spleen, are not in the first Edition; instead of them followed only these,

While her rack'd Soul repose and peace requires,

The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.

And continued at the 94th verse of this Canto.

Swift on his footy pinions flits the Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No chearful breeze this fullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrin at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne : alike in place, 25
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd ;
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd ; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mein,
 Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies ;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ; 40
 Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
 Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
 A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
 Here sighs a Jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
 Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
 And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band, 55
 A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand.
 Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail wayward Queen!
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
 Parent of vapours and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take phyfic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.
 A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game; 70
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks;*] See Hom. Iliad. xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

VER. 52. *And there a Goose-pye talks.*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagin'd herself in this condition.



Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry Side are seen,
Of Bodys chang'd to various Forms by Spleen.
Rape of the Lock.

Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80
 A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid ! she spread her hands and cry'd, 95
 (While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid ! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare !
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around ? 100
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?

Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare !
 Honour forbid ! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost ! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend ?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend !
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze !
 Sooner shall grafs in Hyde park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow ;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all !

She said ; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs :
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case ;
 And thus broke out—" My Lord, why, what the devil ?
 " Z—ds ! damn the lock ! 'fore Gad, you must be civil !
 " Plague on't ! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox !
 " Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again) 131
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.

But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 135 Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen! 150
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid;
 By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!

VER. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, ll. 1.

VER. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so; He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.*] These two lines are additional, and assign the cause of the different operation on the Passions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any Machinery, to the end of the Canto.

There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 60

'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!

A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!

See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend, what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two fable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170

The sister-lock now fits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.

Oh hadst thou, cruel, been content to seize 175
Hairs less in fight, or any hairs but these!

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move, when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the Nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaux,
 Why bows the side box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
 Unless good-sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!

VER. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, etc.*] A new Character introduced in the subsequent Editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a Parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away ; 20
 Who would not scorn what house-wife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey ;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid ;
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose ? 30
 And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
 So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd ; 35
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and touch whalebones crack ;
 Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, 41
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.

VER. 35. *So spoke the Dame,*] It is a verse frequently repeated
 in Homer after any speech,

So spoke — and all the Heroes applauded.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the first Edi-
 tion goes on to the Conclusion, except a very few short in-
 sertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of
 the poem.

No common weapon in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage, 45
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage:
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound: 50
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60
"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing" — was his last.

VER. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. xx.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in Odyss. perches on a beam of the roof to behold it.

VER. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing*] The words of a Song in the Opera of Camilla.

Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown :
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair ;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd : 80
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of tiillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.

VER. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,

Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.

Ov. Ep.

VER. 71. *Now Jove, etc.*] Vide Homer Il. viii. and Virg. Æn. xii.

VER. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] These two lines added for the above reason.

(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
 Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is fought, but fought in vain: 110
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.

VER. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck,*] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, Il. ii.

VER. 114. *Since all things lost*] Vide Ariosto, Canto xxiv.

There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115
 And Beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew, 125
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
 A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130
 The Sylphs beheld it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray.
 This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes ;

VER. 128.

Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
 Stella micat. Ovid.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] These two lines added for the same reason to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem.

VER. 137. *This Partridge soon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 153

And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd hair
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.

For, after all the murders of your eye, 145

When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,

This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

E L E G Y

To the MEMORY of an

UNFORTUNATE LADY*.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light
shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade!

'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,

5

Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

10

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;

The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p. 206. quarto Edition. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.

Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ; 20
Like Eastern Kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky,
As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood ! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, 35
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent heres shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way,) 40
Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier,
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear, 55
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung, 75
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays ;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

P R O L O G U E

T O

Mr. ADDISON's Tragedy

O F

C A T O.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5
 Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love; 10
 In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:

No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys, 20
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed? 25
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
 The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
 Your scene precariously subsists too long 41
 On French translation, and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Such Plays alone should win a British ear, 45
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

VER. 37 *Britons, attend*] Mr. Pope had written it *arise*: But Addison thought the expression too daring, and would have it altered to, *attend*.

EPILOGUE

TO

Mr. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
 From her own sex should mercy find to day!
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
 The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore— 6
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
 “How strangely you expose yourself, my dear?”
 But let me die, all raillery apart, 11
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
 And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.
 There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;
 In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
 Still hoarding up most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20

The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
 Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners?
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25
 He has a Husband that will make amends:
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30
 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.

To lend a wife, few here would scruple make, 35
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
 Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
 The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country—but what's that to you? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the City.
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
 That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face:
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good;
 Faith, let the modest Matrons of the town
 Come here in crouds and stare the strumpet down. 50

S A P P H O

T O

P H A O N.

Q H P A A S

Q H P A A S

Q H P A S

TO

Q H P A S

S A P P H O

T O

P H A O N.

S A Y, lovely youth, that do'st my heart command,
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand ;
 Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love ?
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse, 5
 The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muse ?
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are born, 10
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires !
 No more my soul a charm in music finds,
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine ! 20

Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame;
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame:
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee. 30
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the founding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd,
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy: 50

No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh ! how vast a memory has love ?
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best ;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
'Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame ;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame ?
But ah beware, Sicilian Nymphs ! nor boast 65
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost ;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains ! 70
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun ?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears :
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame :
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast :
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes ? 80

No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dew,
 Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love: 90
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come;
 Or while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95
 Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
 O useful time for lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
 The vows you never will return receive;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears;
 The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110

Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you)
 Farewell my Lesbian love, you might have said,
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
 No tear did you, no parting kifs receive, 115
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live. 120
 Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
 When I first heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood, 125
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But when its way th'impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses and my breast I wound; 130
 I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
 Stung with my love and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140

My woes thy crimes, I to the world proclaim :
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame !
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night :
 Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms !
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine : 150
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak ;
 A thousand melting kisses, give, and take :
 Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
 Yet while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again :
 Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove, 160
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
 I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone. 166
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before ;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay ; 170

I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return :
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
 All but the mournful Philomel and I :
 With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below : 180
 A flow'ry Lotos spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
 Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood :
 She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain !
 " Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
 " There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
 " Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ; 190
 " There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
 " Their flames extinguish and forget to love.
 " Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd.
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main, 195
 " Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
 " Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !"
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes, 200

I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!

I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires;

To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205

And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.

Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,

And softly lay me on the waves below!

And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain, 209

Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,

Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!

On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,

And this Inscription shall be plac'd below:

"Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,

"Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her Lyre; 215

"What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;

"The gift, the giver, and the God agree."

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why

To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?

Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be, 220

And Phœbus' self is less a God to me.

Ah! can'st thou doom me to the rocks and sea,

O far more faithless and more hard than they?

Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast

Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom prest? 225

This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;

Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell,

Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,

Untun'd my late, and silent is my lyre;

My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe,
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign: 236
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
 Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires; 240
 But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires;
 Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
 The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air! 245
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
 If you return—ah why these long delays?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain; 250
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?) 255
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live or cease to love!

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE
LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
ON JANUARY 10, 1892
RELATIVE TO THE
LANDS BELONGING TO THE STATE
AND THE
MANNER OF DISPOSING OF THEM
ALBANY: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. PRINTERS.
1892.

E L O I S A

T O

A B E L A R D.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloïsa flourished in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.



*Ah Wretch! believ'd the Spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.*

El. to Ab.

E L O I S A

T O

A B E L A R D.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? 5
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd; 10
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
 O write it not my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays, 15
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!

Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part, 25
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
 'That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire miſfortune follows cloſe behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led thro' a ſad variety of woe:

Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
 Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
 There ſtern Religion quench'd th'unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
 And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
 Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare, 45
 Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
 No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
 Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief. 50

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name ;
 My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind, 61
 Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
 Those smiling eyes, attempt'ring ev'ry ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd ; heav'n listen'd while you sung ; 65
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move ;
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man. 70
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see ;
 Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made !
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

VER. 66. *And truths divine, etc.*] He was her Preceptor in
 Philosophy and Divinity.

VER. 75.

Love will not be confin'd by Maisterie :
 When Maisterie comes the Lord of Love anon
 Flutters his wings and forthwith is he gone. Chaucer.

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
 Before true passion all those views remove,
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
 The jealous God, when we profane his fires, 81
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
 Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! 90
 Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law:
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast:
 Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart. 96
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
 A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
 Where, where was Eloïsa? her voice, her hand,
 Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil, 111
 The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale:
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
 And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe!
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd:
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.

VER. 133. *You rais'd these hallow'd walls;*] He founded the Monastery.

No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n :
 But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light !
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
 (O pious fraud of am'rous charity !) 150
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend ?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love !
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ; 160
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,

Black Melancholy fits, and round her throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
 Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180
 Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?

Unequal task, a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touch'd so pierc'd, so lost as mine !
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate !
 How often hope, despair, repent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget ? 200
 But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd ;
 Not touch'd but rapt ; not waken'd but inspir'd !
 Oh come ! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot ?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot :
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind !
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ; 210
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
 “ Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;”
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n ;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins Hymenæals sing, 220
 To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures of unholy joy :
 When at the close of each sad sorrowing day, 225
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
 O curst, dear horrors of all conscious night !
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight ! 230
 Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake : no more I hear, no more I view, 235
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
 I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise ! 240
 Alas, no more ! methinks we wand'ring go
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ; 245
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ; 250
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.

Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n, 255
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves. 260

Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
 What scenes appear, where'er I turn my view?
 The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.

I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
 While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul: 280
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
 Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;

Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes :
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs ; 286
 Snatch me just mounting, from the blest abode ;
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole ;
 Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll ! 290
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view !) 295
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu !
 O Grace serene ! oh virtue heav'nly fair !
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky !
 And Faith, our early immortality ! 300
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest ;
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
 In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls, 305
 And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
 " Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 " Thy place is here, sad sister, come away ! 310
 " Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 " Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid :

" But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
 " Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 " Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear : 315
 " For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come ! prepare your roseat bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where finners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow : 320

Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day ;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325

The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloïsa see !

It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !

'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er :
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O Death all-eloquent ! you only prove 335
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine, 341
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame !
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds ; 350
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 " Oh may we never love as these have lov'd !"
 From the full choir, when loud Hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
 Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more ;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell !
 The well-fung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ; 364
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

VER. 343. *May one kind grave, etc.*] Abelard and Eloïsa
 were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining,
 in the Monastery of the Paraclete : he died in the year 1142,
 she in 1163.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

Advertisement.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his Youth, for the most part indeed but a sort of *Exercises*, while he was improving himself in the Languages, and carried, by his early Bent to *Poetry*, to perform them rather in Verse than Prose. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having also got into Miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume.

THE
T E M P L E
O F
F A M E.

Written in the Year M,DCC,XI.

VOL. I.

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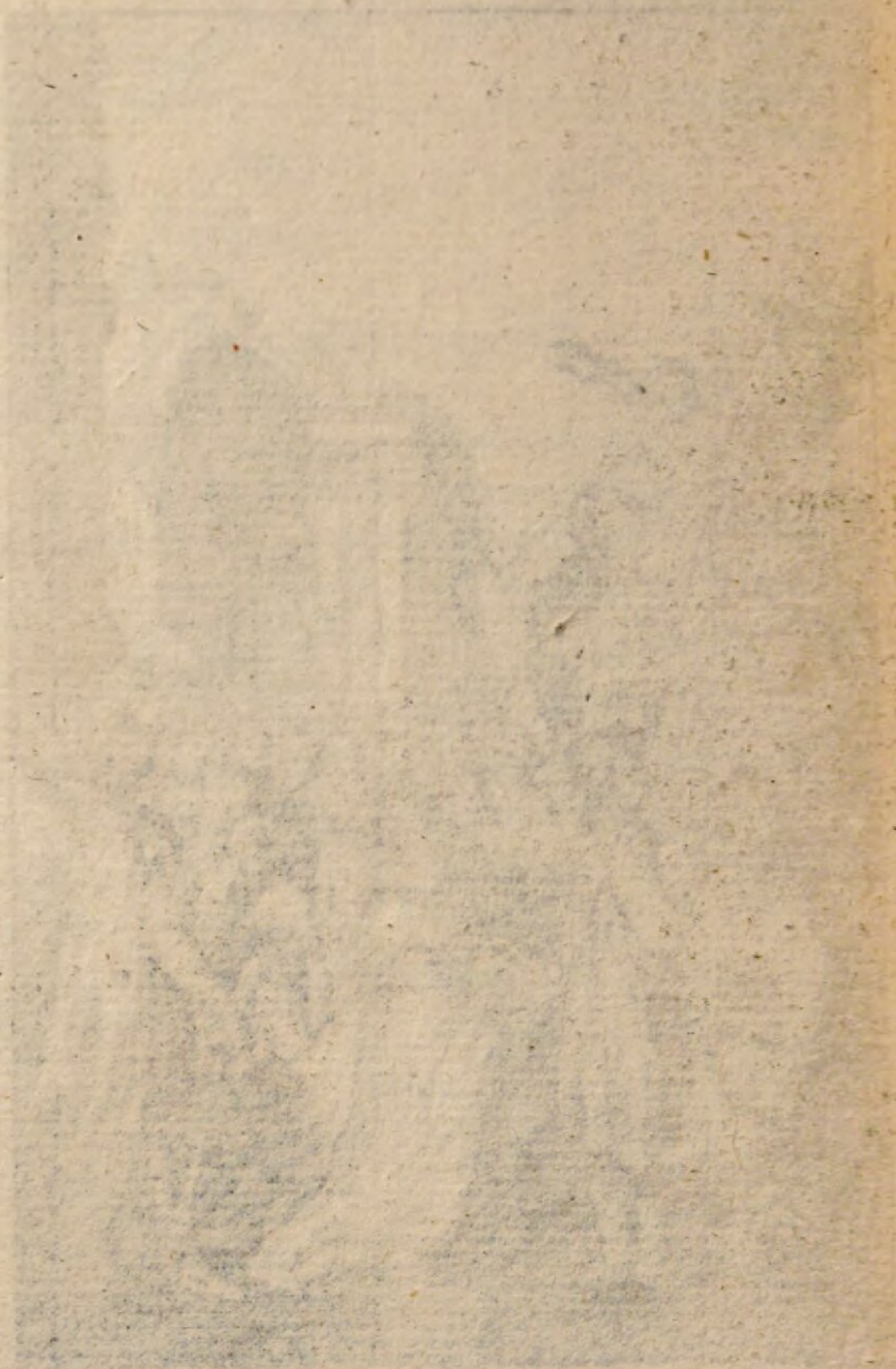
Advertisement.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.



*Millions of Suppliant Crowds the Shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage,
And boasting Youth, & narrative Old Age.*

Temple of Fame.



[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]

THE
TEMPLE
OF
FAME.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs ;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray ;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10

I flood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:

VER. 1. *In that soft season, etc.*] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencial Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf*, etc. of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of Exordium.

VER. II. etc.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,

In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow ;
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen, 15
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green :
 Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes ;
 There trees, and intermingled temples rise ;
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20
 O'er the wide Prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore :
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of Ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and flipp'ry was the way ;
 The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd to distant sight, of solid stone. 30

Now valeis, and now forestes,
 And now unneth great bestes,
 Now rivers, now citees,
 Now towns, now great trees,
 Now shippes sayling in the fees.

VER. 27. *High on a rock of Ice, etc.*] Chaucer's third book
 of *Fame*.

It stood upon so high a rock ;
 Higher standeth none in Spayne—
 What manner stone this rock was,
 For it was like a lymed glass,
 But that it shone full more clere ;
 But of what congel'd matere
 It was, I niste redily ;
 But at the last espied I,
 And found that it was every dele,
 A rock of ice, and not of stele.

Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found. 36
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of Praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel, 45
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:

VER. 31. *Inscriptions here, etc.]*

Tho' saw I all the hill y-grave
 With famous folkes names sele,
 That had been in much wele
 And her fames wide y-blow;
 But well unneth might I know,
 Any letters for to rede
 Ther names by, for out of drede
 They weren almost off-thawen so,
 That of the letters one or two
 Were molte away of every name,
 So unfamous was woxe her fame,
 But men said, what may ever last.

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, etc.]*

Tho' gan I in myne harte cast,
 That they were molte away for hate,
 And not away with stormes beate.

VER. 45. *Yet part no injuries, etc.]*

For on that other side I sey
 Of that hill which north wardley,

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ; 50
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast!
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, 55
 And on th' impassive ice the light'nings play ;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky ;
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years, 60
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
 Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face 65
 Of various structure, but of equal grace :

How it was written full of names
 Of folke, that had afore great fames,
 Of old time, and yet they were
 As fresh as men had written hem there
 The self day, or that houre
 That I on hem gan to poure :
 But well I wiste what it made ;
 It was conserved with the shade
 (All the writing that I fye)
 Of the castle that stoode on high,
 And stood eke in so cold a place,
 That heate might it not deface.

VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome, etc.*] The Temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing

Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;
 The walls in venerable order grace:
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appeared 75
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield: 80
 There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend, 90

the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: The Doric order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned, were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts.

VER. 81. *There great Alcides, etc.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese.

The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame, 95
And the great founder of the Persian name :
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand ;
The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100
These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades ;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes :
Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r, 105
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.
But on the South, a long majestic race
Of Ægypt's Priests the gilded niches grace, 110

VER. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name :*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldæans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago.

VER. 110. *Ægypt's priests, etc.*] The learning of the old Ægyptian Priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy : they also preserved the History of their nation. Their greatest Hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, etc. He is said to have caused the Kings he vanquished to draw him in his

Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.

High on his car Sesostris struck my view,

Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :

His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold ; 115

His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.

Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,

And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,

O'er-wrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120

There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,

And Runic characters were grav'd around.

There sate Zamolxis with erected eyes,

And Odin here in mimic trances dies.

There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,

The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood, 126

Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)

And youths that died to be by Poets sung.

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Chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

VER. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest; Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters.

VER. 127. *Druids and Bards, etc.*] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue.

These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
 In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some and others multiplies:
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the founding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd: 140
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
 The sage Historians in white garments wait;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms. 150

Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after-life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions.

VER. 132. *The wall in lustre, etc.]*

It shone lighter than a glass,
 And made well more than it was,
 As kind thing of Fame is.

High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;
 His feet on sceptres and tiara's trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minerva's, shone ; 155
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his Country's fate.
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought : 160
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state ;
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind 165
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the god-like Socrates :

VER. 152. *The youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;*] Alexander the Great : the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian Princes : his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins ; which was continued by several of his successors.

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;*] Timoleon had sav'd the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians ; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell.
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names : 175
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire :
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, etc.*] Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an Oyster-shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name.

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, etc.*] In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns, etc.*]

From the dees many a pillere,
 Of metal that shone not full clere, etc.
 Upon a pillere saw I stonde
 That was of lede and iron fine,
 Him of the sex Saturnine,
 The Ebraike Josephus the old, etc.
 Upon an iron pillere strong,
 That painted was all endlong,
 With tiger's blood in every place,
 The Tholosan that hight Stace,
 That bare of Thebes up the name, etc.

High on the first, the mighty Homer shone ;
 Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne ;
 Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ; 185
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the Pillar seen :
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen ;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195
 A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;

VER. 182.]

Full wonder hye on a pillere
 Of iron, he the great Omer,
 And with him Dares and Titus, etc.

VER. 196, etc.]

There saw I stand on a pillere
 That was of tinned iron cleere,
 The Latin Poet Virgyle,
 That hath bore up of a great while
 The fame of pious Æneas :

And next him on a pillere was
 Of copper, Venus clerke Ovide,
 That hath sown wondrous wide
 The great God of Love's fame—

Tho saw I on a pillere by
 Of iron wrought full sternly,
 The great poet Dan Lucan,
 That on his shoulders bore up then

Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unweary'd art :
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 'The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead ; 205
 'Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
 Æneas bending with his aged fire :
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
 ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.
 Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 'With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.

As hye as that I might see,
 The fame of Julius and Pompee.
 And next him on a pillere stode
 Of sulphur, like as he were wode,
 Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
 That bare up all the fame of hell, etc.

VER. 210. *Four swans, etc.*] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of Poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
 The champions in distorted postures threat ; 220
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire :
 Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse. 225

VER. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.*] This expresses the mix'd character of the odes of Horace ; the second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camœnæ.

As another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

The action of the Doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book.

Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo

Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,

Ludo fatigatumque somno,

Fronde nova puerum palumbes

Texere : mirum quod foret omnibus—

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis

Dormirem et ursis ; ut premerer sacra

Lauroque collataque myrto,

Non sine Diis animosus infans.

Which may be thus englished ;

While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,

And in a desert sleeping lay ;

The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd

To touch the Muses' future bard ;

But Cytherea's gentle dove

Myrtles and Bays around me spread,

And crown'd your infant Poet's head,

Sacred to Music and to Love.

The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace ;
A work out-lasting monumental Brass.

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.

The Doves, that round the infant poet spread 230
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
State fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his sides surround ; 235
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne :
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies : 245
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great ;
The vivid em'ralsds there revive the eye ; 250
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ; 255

The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
 'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler Vista's open'd to my view:
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long ile's extend. 265
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand listn'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;

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VER. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature, etc.]*

Methought that she was so lite,
 That the length of a cubite
 Was longer than she seemed be;
 But thus soone in a while she,
 Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
 That with her feet she the earth reight,
 And with her head she touchyd heaven—

VER. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, etc.]*

I heard about her throne y-sung
 That all the palays walls rung,
 So sung the mighty Muse, she
 That cleped is Calliope,
 And her seven sisters eke—

With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, thro' the length of days. 275

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall : 279
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend ;
The poor, the rich, the valiant and the sage, 290
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same :
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.

VER. 276. *Around these wonders, etc.]*

I heard a noise approchen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Against her time of outflying ;
Right such a manere murmuring,
For all the world it seemed me.
Tho' gan I look about and see
That there came entring into th' hall,
A right great company withal ;
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, etc.

Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd ;
 Unlike successes equal merits found. 295

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r :
 Long have we fought t'instruct and please mankind,
 With studies pale, with mid-night vigils blind ; 300
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne :
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For Fame is all we must expect below. 305

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
 The golden trumpet of eternal Praise :
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around ;
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud ; 310
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :
 By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
 At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread ; 315
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

VER. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, etc.]*

And some of them she granted sone,
 And some she warn'd well and fair,
 And some she granted the contrair—
 Right as her sister dame Fortune
 Is wont to serve in commune.

Next these, the good and just, an awful train,
 Thus on their knees address the sacred fane :
 Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just Goddes, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd : 325
 Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
 Prefer the same request, and lowly bow'd ;

VER. 318. *the good and just, etc.*]

Tho came the third companye,
 And gan up to the dees to hye,
 And down on knees they fell anone,
 And saiden : We ben everichone
 Folke that han full truely
 Deserved Fame right-fully,
 And prayen you it might be knowe
 Right as it is, and forth blowe.

I grant, quoth she, for now we list
 That your good works shall be wist.
 And yet ye shall have better loos,
 Right in despite of all your foos,
 Than worthy is, and that anone.
 Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
 And certes all the breath that went
 Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
 As men a pot of baume held
 Among a basket full of roses—

VER. 328, 338. *behold another crowd, etc.*— *From the black trumpet's rusty, etc.*

Therewithal there came anone
 Another huge companye

The constant tenour of whose well-spent days 330
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
 But strait the direful trump of Slander sounds ;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies, 335
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
 The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
 And withers all before it as it flies.
 A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
 For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ; 345
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.

Of good folke—

What did this Eolus, but he
 Tooke out his trump of brass,
 That fouler than the devil was :
 And gan this trump for to blowe,
 As all the world should overthrowe.
 Throughout every regione
 Went this foul trumpet's sounne,
 Swift, as a pellet out of a gunne,
 When fire is in the powder runne
 And such a smoke gan out wende,
 Out of the foul trumpet's ende — etc.

Ambitious fools ! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ; 351
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
 A sudden cloud strait snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien :
 Great Idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !

VER. 356. *Then came the smallest, etc.]*

I saw anone the fifth route,
 That to this lady gan loute,
 And downe on knees anone to fall,
 And to her they besoughten all,
 To hiden their good works eke?
 And said, they yeve not a leke
 For no fame ne such renowne :
 For they for contemplacyoune,
 And Goddes love had it wrought,
 Ne of fame would they ought.

What quoth she, and be ye wood ?
 And ween ye for to do good,
 And for to have it of no fame ?
 Have ye despite to have my name ?
 Nay ye shall lien everichone :
 Blowe thy trump, and that anone
 (Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
 And ring these folkes workes by rote,
 That all the world may of it heare !
 And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
 In his golden clarioune,
 Through the world went the sounne,
 All so kindly, and eke so soft,
 That their fame was blown aloft.

But safe in deserts from th'applause of men, 360
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake. 365

And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath, 370
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear: 375
To furthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;

VER. 378. *Next these a youthful train, etc.*] The Reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contain the same matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

Tho came the sixth companye,
And gan fast to Fame cry, etc.
being too prolix to be here inserted.

Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the Fair : 385

In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid ;
Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.

The joy let others have, and we the name, 390
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request : 395

What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise ?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.

Strait the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne ;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd ;

VER. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty, etc.]*

Tho came another companye,

That had y-done the treachery, etc.

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics ; 411
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make th'immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire. 415
 At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
 And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown,
 Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.
 Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air ;

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VER. 418. *This having heard and seen, etc.]* The Scene here changes from the temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Tho' saw I stonde in a valley,
 Under the castle fast by
 A house, that Domus Dedali
 That Labyrinthus cleped is,
 Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
 Ne half so queintly y-wrought ;
 And evermo as swift as thought,
 This queint house about went,
 That never more it still stent—
 And eke this house hath of entrees
 As many as leaves are on trees,
 In summer, when they ben grene ;
 And in the roof yet men may sene,
 A thousand hoels and well mo
 To letten the soun out go ;
 And by day in every tide
 Ben all the doors open wide
 And by night each one unshet :
 No porter is there one to let,
 No manner tydings in to pace :
 Ne never rest is in that place.

With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound ;
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ; 425
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;
 The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, 440
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance :
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impression make ;
 Another ambient circle then they move ;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above ; 445
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

VER. 428. *As flames by nature to the, etc.*] This thought is transferred hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus,

Geffray, thou wottest well this, etc.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life,
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents, seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of Fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new :
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,

VER. 448. *There various news I heard, etc.]*

Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
 Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
 Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
 Of love and hate, accord and strife,
 Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
 Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,
 Of divers transmutations
 Of estates and eke of regions,
 Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
 Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
 Of good, or bad government,
 Of fire, and of divers accident.

VER. 458. *Above, below, without, within, etc.]*

But such a grete Congregation
 Of folke as I saw roame about,
 Some within, and some without,
 Was never seen, ne shall be est—
 And every wight that I saw there
 Rowned everich in others ear
 A new tyding privily,
 Or else he told it openly
 Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
 That is betide to night now?

Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ; 460
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :
 Astrologers, that future fates foresaw,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
 And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ; 465
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
 And all who told it added something new, 460 }
 And all who heard it, made enlargements too, }
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travel'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance ;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
 When thus ripe lyes are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.

No, quoth he, tell me what ?
 And then he told him this and that, etc.
 — — Thus north and south,
 Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
 And that encreasing evermo,
 As fire is wont to quicken and go
 From a sparkle sprong amiss,
 Till all the citee brent up is.

Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force :
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon ; 485
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lye and truth contending for the way ; 490
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent :
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now, the truth and lye ;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ? 500

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?

VER. 489. *There, at one passage, etc.]*

And sometime I saw there at once,
 A lesing and a sad sooth saw
 That gonnen at adventure draw
 Out of a window forth to pace—
 And no man, be he ever so wrothe,
 Shall have one of these two, but bothe, etc.

VER. 497. *While thus I stood, etc.]* The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the Addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In *Chaucer* he only answers, "he came to see the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprized at the sight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright.

But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others breath, 505
Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ; 510
All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price 515
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice :
Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame ; 520
Then teach me, heav'n ! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

January and May :

OR THE

MERCHANT'S TALE.

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J A N U A R Y

A N D

M A Y.

T H E R E liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
 In days of old, a wise and worthy knight ;
 Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
 Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace.
 Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights, 5
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites :
 For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
 But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
 He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more ; 10
 Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
 Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find ;
 But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
 And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
 This was his nightly dream, his daily care, 15
 And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
 Once ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
 Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

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F f

JANUARY AND MAY.] This Translation was done at sixteen
 or seventeen years of Age.

These thoughts he fortified with reasons still,
 (For none want reasons to confirm their will.) 20
 Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing :
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
 Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 25
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;
 To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife,
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
 Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more : 30
 Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
 Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join :
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past :
 But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35
 And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
 The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
 Secure at once himself and heav'n to please ;
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day : 40
 Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare ?
 Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
 With matchless impudence they style a wife 45
 The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
 A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
 A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.

Let not the wife these fland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50

All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away ;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife, 55
Abundantly supplies us all our life :

This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd, 60
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade :
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A Wife ! ah gentle deities, can he 65
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity ?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son : 70

Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife :
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe :
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword 75
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age ;

And, charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife. 80
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment and to give advice ;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he ;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look 85
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke :)
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end ;
How I have liv'd, alas ! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell ; 90
But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But since by counsel all things should be done, 95
And many heads are wiser still than one ;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice ; this wife must not be old : 100
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face :
In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed ;
Those are too wise for batchelors to wed ;

As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o'th' trade : 110
 But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
 We form like wax, and mold them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
 'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
 Then should I live in lewd adultery,
 And sink downright to Satan when I die.
 O were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost for which I wed ; 120
 To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.

Think not I doat ; 'tis time to take a wife,
 When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life :
 Those that are blest with store of grace divine, 125
 May live like saints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
 (As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
 My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
 And a new vigour springs in every part. 130
 Think not my virtue lost tho' time has shed
 These rev'rend honours on my hoary head ;
 Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
 The vital sap then rising from below :
 Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135
 Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
 Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
 Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said ; the rest in diff'rent parts divide ;
 The knotty point was urg'd on either side : 140
 Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
 Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
 Each wond'rous positive, and wond'rous wise,
 There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
 Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
 Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
 As plainly proves, experience dwells with years !
 Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice, 151
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice :
 But with the wiseman's leave, I must protest,
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
 As still I hold your old advice the best. 155 }

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
 And study'd men, their manners, and their ways ;
 And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
 To let my betters always have their will.
 Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white, 160
 My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
 Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
 As his mistaken patron to advise,
 Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
 A noble fool was never in a fault. 165
 This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
 Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord :

Your will is mine ; and is (I will maintain)
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man ;
 At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170
 Who dare to wed in your declining days.

Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
 And let grey fools be indolently good,
 Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
 With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent fate, and heard the man,
 Thus, with a Philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author of the first degree,
 (Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
 Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180

To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
 The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
 To give your person, than your goods away :
 And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
 First learn your Lady's qualities at least : 185

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil
 Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;
 Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
 Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.

'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190
 In all this world, much less in woman-kind ;
 But if her virtues prove the larger share,

Bless the kind fates, and thank your fortune rare.

Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend ;
 And spight of all his praises must declare, 196
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.

Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear ;
 While all my friends applaud my blisful life, 200
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife ;
 Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun !
 But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
 And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205
 Do what you list, for me ; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure ; for wisdom is in Age :
 But at these years, to venture on the fair ;
 By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
 Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at end. 215

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
 Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wife !
 We, Sirs, are fools ; and must resign the cause
 To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way : — 220
 What does my friend, my dear Placebo say ?

I say, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
 To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
 At this the council rose, without delay ;
 Each, in his own opinion, went his way ; 225
 With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
 The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?
 The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:
 Each Nymph by turns his wav'ring mind posselt, 230
 And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
 While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
 And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
 Thus, in some public Forum fix'd on high,
 A Mirrour shows the figures moving by; 235
 Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
 The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
 This Lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
 But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
 That was with sense, but not with virtue blest; 240
 And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
 Thus doubting long what Nymph he should obey,
 He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
 Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind: 245
 Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
 Her easy motion, her attractive air,
 Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
 Her moving softness, and majestic grace.
 Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice, 250
 And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
 Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
 And told them all, their pains were at an end.
 Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a consort worthy of my bed: 255
 Let none oppose th' election, since on this
 Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
 Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
 Chaste, tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born, 260
 Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
 Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n so please;
 To pass my age in sanctity and ease:
 And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
 The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none! 265
 If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
 My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
 By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;
 That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
 The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.
 Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
 To match the blessings of the future state,
 Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
 Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease. 275

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,
 Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
 Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all your dread,
 Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
 And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent, 280
 That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
 Good heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
 Since it chastises still what best it loves.
 Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
 Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair, 285
 One, that may do your business to a hair;

Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
 But prove the scourge to lash you on your way :
 Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
 Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow ! 290

Provided still, you moderate your joy,
 Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
 Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
 Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
 Who solve these questions beyond all dispute ;
 Consult with those, and be of better cheer ;
 Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd ;
 The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300
 The parents, you may think, would soon comply ;
 The Old have int'rest ever in their eye.
 Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind ;
 When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed, 305
 Too long for me to write, or you to read ;
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
 The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout intent : 310
 Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
 Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life :
 Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
 And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide, 315
 The guests appear in order, side by side
 And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride. }

The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound ;
 The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
 Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
 Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
 Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain 324
 Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
 (So Poets sing) was present on the place :
 And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight,
 Shook high her flaming torch in open fight :
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight :
 Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try, 331
 No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
 Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
 Ye bards ! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335
 For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song :
 Think not your softest numbers can display
 The matchless glories of this blissful day :
 The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
 When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340

The beauteous dame fate smiling at the board,
 And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
 Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
 E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King :
 Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345
 And fresh and blooming as the month of May !
 The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
 Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride :

Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
 Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night, 350
 Restless he fate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
 To speed his blifs, and haste the happy hour.

Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
 And songs were fung, and flowing bowls went round.
 With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place, 355
 And mirth and pleasure, shone in every face

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
 Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain ;
 Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire. 360

His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest :
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
 There let him lie ; till his relenting dame 360
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
 Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light ;
 While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370
 Then rose the guests ; and as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t'undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess :
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive, 375
 Which grave Physicians scruple not to give ;
 Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's stood,
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,

Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was blest'd.
What next ensu'd beseems not me to say ;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night ; 386
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright. }
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay :

Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast ; 390
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast ;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell. 395
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May ;
Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride ;
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung ; they feasted in the hall ;
The servants round stood ready at their call. 405
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,

Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.

Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent; 410
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.

The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May:

Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view! 415

Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?

On her soft couch uneasily she lay:

The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, 420

'Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.

What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,

Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:

Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,

Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,

Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;

Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,

Shed its selectest influence from above;

Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430

Felt the first motions of an infant flame;

Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,

And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair draw near, let May's example move

Your gentle minds to pity those who love! 435

Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,

The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:

But she, your sex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale : Some sages have defin'd 440
Pleasure the sov'reign blifs of human kind :

Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those ;

For, like a Prince, he bore the vast expence
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence : 445

His house was stately, his retinue gay,

Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.

His spacious garden made to yield to none,

Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;

Priapus could not half describe the grace 450

(Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place :

A place to tire the rambling wits of France

In long descriptions, and exceed Romance ;

Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings

Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,

A crystal fountain spread its streams around,

The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd :

About this spring (if antient fame say true)

The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue : 460

Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,

In circling dances gambol'd on the green,

While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,

And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair, 465
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)

For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
 To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and business to retreat; 470
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.

For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.
 But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure? 475

How short a space our worldly joys endure?
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit; 480
 This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
 For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
 Abridg'd her pleasures and confin'd her sway. }
 Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490
 And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain;
 She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye,
 For oh, 'twas fixt; she must possess or die!
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495

Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain,
 By secret writing to disclose his pain :
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail, 500
 Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
 'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes : 505
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
 Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear ;
 She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
 And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
 Which in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
 What flight is that, which love will not explore ?
 And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show 516
 The feats true lovers, when they list, can do ;
 Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
 They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray ; 528
 It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
 Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play ;
 He rais'd his spouse e'er Matin-bell was rung,
 And thus his morning canticle he sung :

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes : 525

Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise !

Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,

And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain :

The winter's past ; the clouds and tempest fly ;

The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.

Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part 531

My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart ;

Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,

Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian strait a sign she made, 535

To haste before ; the gentle Squire obey'd :

Secret, and undescry'd he took his way,

And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,

And hand in hand with him his lovely dame ; 540

Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,

He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,

Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :

So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545

Art far the dearest solace of my life ;

And rather would I chuse, by heav'n above,

To die this instant, than to lose thy love.

Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,

When unendow'd, I took thee for my own, 550

And fought no treasure but thy heart alone.

Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,

Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,

Nor age, nor blindness rob me of delight.

Each other los with patience I can bear, 555
 'The los of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady and my wife,
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
 As first, the love of Christ himself you gain ;
 Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain ; 560
 And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
 My whole estate shall gratify your love :
 Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
 Displays, his light, by heav'n it shall be done.
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565
 And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind ;
 'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them my own unequal age, 570
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
 For who that once possesses those heav'nly charms,
 Could live one moment absent from thy arms ?

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd ;
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd :
 Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
 I have a soul to save as well as you ;
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,
 My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580
 'To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :
 Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear :

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend, 585
 And let me hence to hell alive descend ;
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
 Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well :
 Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the honour of my race. 590
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
 But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect :
 Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me ? 595
 These doubts and fears of female constancy !
 This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
 The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
 Where Damian kneeling, worship'd as she past. 600
 She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
 And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh :
 'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
 And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
 Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace, 605
 And climbing, in the summit took his place ;
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
 Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.
 'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
 His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had run ; 610
 And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
 To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.
 Clear was the day, and Phoebus, rising bright,
 Had streak'd the azure firmament with light ; 614

He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden fide,
And in the midst their Monarch and his bride.

So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round, 620
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound,
That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daises search'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
This, with a frown the King bespoke his Queen:

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun:
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said: of all mankind, 635
One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
But should'st thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
The son of Sirach testifies no less. 640
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:

But since he's blind and old (a helpless case) 645
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650

I will this instant undeceive the Knight,

And in the very act restore his sight:

And set the strumpet here in open view,

A warning to these Ladies, and to you,

And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true. 655

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?

Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,

She shall not want an answer at her need.

For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,

And all the sex in each succeeding age; 660

Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,

And fortify their crimes with confidence.

Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,

Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;

All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665

Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;

Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,

Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,

Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one; 670

The wiser wits of later times declare,

How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:

Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,

Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;

And witness next what Roman Authors tell, 675
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone 680
Who only Is, and is but only One.

But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?
What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of hosts; 685
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ, 690
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities, 696
Your idle wits, and all their learned lyes.
By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath, 701
That this much-injur'd Knight again should see:
It must be done—I am a King, said he,

And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen; 705

Her answer she shall have, I undertake;

And thus an end of all dispute I make,

Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,

It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain, 710

And to the Knight our story turns again;

Who in the garden, with his lovely May,

Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:

This was his song; “ Oh kind and constant be,

“ Constant and kind I’ll ever prove to thee.” 715

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew

By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew:

The longing dame look’d up, and spy’d her Love

Full fairly perch’d among the boughs above. 719

She stopp’d, and sighing: Oh good Gods, she cry’d,

What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?

O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;

Help, for the love of heav’n’s immortal Queen!

Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life

Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife! 725

Sore sigh’d the Knight to hear his Lady’s cry,

But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:

Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,

What could alas! a helpless husband do?

And must I languish then, she said, and die, 730

Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?

At least, kind Sir, for charity’s sweet sake,

Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;

Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;
Do you but stoop and leave the rest to me. 735

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
With that his back against the trunk he bent,
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all ! 740
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall ;
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd ;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind,
What feats the Lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you ; 745
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo ! the wond'ring knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent ;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd :
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky : 755
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair ;
Death ! hell ! and furies ! what dost thou do there !

What ails my Lord ? the trembling dame reply'd ;
I thought your patience had been better try'd ;
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind, 760
This my reward for having cur'd the blind ;
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a Man upon a Tree ?

Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love? 765

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight)
 So heav'n preserve the fight it has restor'd,
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
 Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well. 771

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,
 Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
 Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me: 775
 So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
 For by th' immortal pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain—

By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
 (Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
 She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
 The ready tears apace began to flow,
 And as they fell she wip'd from either eye 785
 The drops (for women, when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd.
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
 Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said, 791
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:

Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride. 796

But till your sight's establish'd for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray, 800 }
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your
fight: }

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem; 805
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss. 810

With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse. 816

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE
WIFE of BATH,
HER
PROLOGUE.

FROM
CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife !
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.

In all these trials I have born a part, 5
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart ;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive Husbands from the Church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days ; 10
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
 The words address'd to the Samaritan :
 Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd ; 15
 And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

Encrease and multiply, was heav'n's command,
 And that's a text I clearly understand.
 This too, " Let men their fires and mothers leave,
 " And to their dearer wives for ever cleave." 20
 More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
 Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
 I've had myself full many a merry fit ;
 And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind, 25
 Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
 There's danger in assembling fire and tow ; 30
 I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
 The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
 No precept for Virginity he found :
 'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will. 35

I envy not their blifs, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity ;
 Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice ;
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows 40
 One proper gift, another grants to those :

Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor ;
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny :
 But, by your leave, Divines. so am not I. 45

Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of man :
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley bread,
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n, 50
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n ;
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night :
 His proper body is not his, but mine ;
 For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine. 55

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
 The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
 And toil'd most piteously to please their bride :
 But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine, 60
 The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
 Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.

Presents flow'd in apace : with show'rs of gold,
 They made their court, like Jupiter of old. 65
 If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
 And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives ! give ear, and understand,
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
 For never was it giv'n to mortal man, 70
 To lye so boldly as we women can :

Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay? 75
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend, 80
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend?
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil. 85

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic, 90
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side:
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures, 95
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try, 100
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:

But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
 They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake :
 Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
 And all the woman glares in open day. 105

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
 Your eyes must always languish on my face,
 Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
 And tag each sentence with, My life ! my dear !
 If by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd, 110
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
 My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid ;
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid, 115
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies ;
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lyes.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye :
 What ! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy ?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
 I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd ? on what design ?
 Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine ? 125
 Sir, I'm no fool : nor shall you, by St. John,
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.

One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
 If you had wit, you'd say, “ Go where you will, 130
 “ Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell :

“ Take all the freedoms of a married life ;

“ I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.”

Lord ! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare ? 135

‘Tho’ all the day I give and take delight,

Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.

’Tis but a just and rational desire,

To light a taper at a neighbour’s fire.

There’s danger too, you think, in rich array, 140

And none can long be modest that are gay.

The Cat, if you but finge her tabby skin,

The chimney keeps, and sits content within ;

But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,

Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun ; 145

She licks her fair round face, and friks abroad,

To shew her furr, and to be catterwaw’d.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires

These three right ancient venerable fires.

I told ’em, Thus you say, and thus you do, 150

I told ’em false, but Jenkin swore ’twas true.

I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,

And first complain’d, whene’er the guilt was mine.

I tax’d them oft with werching and amours,

When their weak legs scarce dragg’d ’em out of doors ;

And swore the rambles that I took by night, 156

Were all to spy what damfels they bedight.

That colour brought me many hours of mirth ;

For all this wit is giv’n us from our birth.

Heav’n gave to woman the peculiar grace 160

To spin, to weep, and cully human race.

By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murmur'ing, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165

If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
 I levied first a tax upon his need:

Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
 Let a'll mankind this certain maxim hold, 170
 Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.

With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old, 174

And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.

Yet with embraces, curses oft I mixt,
 Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.

Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.

To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180
 Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.

But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,

“ Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look?

“ Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;

“ Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek!

“ Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,

“ Well should you practise, who so well can teach.

“ 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,

“ But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.

“ Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190

“ Who puts a period to domestic strife.

“ One of us two must rule, and one obey ;
 “ And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 “ Let that frail thing, weak woman have her way. }
 “ The wives of all my family have rul’d 195
 “ Their tender husbands, and their passions cool’d.
 “ Fye, ’tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan ;
 “ What ! would you have me to yourself alone ?
 “ Why take me Love ! take all and ev’ry part !
 “ Here’s your revenge ! you love it at your heart. 200
 “ Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 “ You little think what custom I could have.
 “ But see ! I’m all your own—nay hold—for shame !
 “ What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame.”

Thus with my first three Lords I past my life ; 205
 A very woman, and a very wife.
 What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur’d young husbands in my riper days.
 Tho’ past my bloom, not yet decay’d was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter’d like a pye. 210
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as ev’ning Philomel.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my sou’,
 Full oft I drain’d the spicy nut-brown bowl ; 214
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love :
 For ’tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
 A liqu’rish mouth must have a lech’rous tail ;
 Wine let’s no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know. 220

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
 This wicked world was once my dear delight; 225
 Now all my conquests, all my charms good night!
 The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miss or two: 230
 But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
 Not with my body, in a filthy way:
 But I so drefs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
 And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry, 235
 With burning rage, and frantick jealousy.
 His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
 For here on earth I was his purgatory.
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
 How fore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
 He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
 With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
 And now lies buried underneath a Rood, 245
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.
 A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
 Or where inshrind the great Darius lay;
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away. 250

The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So blest the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
(Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew, 255
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains: 260
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town, 265
A trusty gossip, one dame Alifon.
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish Priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband pifs'd against a wall, 270
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame, 275
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went;
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
From house to house we rambled up and down. 280

This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alfe,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
 Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy masquerade,
 The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept; 285
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay,
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array:
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
 This Clerk and I were walking in the fields. 291
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
 That he and only he, should serve my turn. 295
 We strait struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
 I still have shifts against a time of need:
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
 Can never be a mouse of any soul. 299

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown:
 All this I said; but dream, sirs, I had none:
 I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore, 305
 Who bids me tell this lye—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
 I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.

Before my face my handkerchief I spread, 311
 To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
 The good man's coffin to the Church was born;
 Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too, mourn.
 But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair 315
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
 And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame. 320
 A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign,
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
 Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace, 325
 And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
 By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day. 330
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
 But oft repented, and repent it still;
 He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:
 Nay once by heav'n he struck me on the face; 335
 Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any Lions was I;
 And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
 As true a rambler as I was before,
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340

He, against this right sagely would advise,
 And old examples set before my eyes,
 Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
 Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
 And chose the sermon, as beseem'd his wit, 345
 With some grave sentence out of holy writ.
 Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,
 Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
 Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
 Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home. 350
 All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
 That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
 And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
 Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
 A certain treatise oft at ev'ning read, 356
 Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
 For all their lyes) were in one volume bound.
 Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
 Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art, 360
 Solomon's proverbs, Eloisa's loves;
 And many more than sure the Church approves.
 More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
 Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
 Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man. 365
 But could we women write as scholars can,
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
 Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
 Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. 270

Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen ;
 When old, and past the relish of delight,
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
 That not one woman keeps her marriage vow. 375
 (This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
 Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
 How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe. 380
 How Sampson fell; and he whom Dejanire,
 Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
 How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
 And the dire ambush Clytæmnestra laid.
 But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame, 385
 And husband-bull—oh monstrous ! fie for shame !

He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
 Xantippe made her good man undergo ;
 How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
 How many piss-pots on the sage she threw ; 390
 Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head ;
 Rain follows thunder, that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
 A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
 On which three wives successively had twin'd 395
 A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
 Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where ?
 For better fruit did never orchard bear.
 Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
 And in my garden planted shall it be. 400

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove
 Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love ;
 That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
 And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought :
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head, 405
 Frantic at night and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion ;
 All this he read, and read with great devotion. 410

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd :
 But when no end of these vile tales I found,
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain ;
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore, 415
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With that my husband in a fury rose,
 And down he settled me with hearty blows.
 I groan'd and lay extended on my side ;
 Oh ! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd) 420
 Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
 He wept, kind soul ! and stoop'd to kiss my face.
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
 Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu !

But after many a hearty struggle past, 425
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
 Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
 Do what you list, the term of all your life :
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ; 430

Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
 With all the government of house and land,
 And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.

As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
 'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

434

Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
 Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :

That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
 And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Translated in the year M,DCC,III.

ARGUMENT.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and marry'd his mother Jocasta; put out his own eyes, and resign'd the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having kill'd his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Pſamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he needs not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his Childhood. But finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few years afterwards.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Fraternal rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
 Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
 Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
 My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
 O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhimes 5
 From the dire nation in its early times,
 Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
 And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
 How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the foil,
 And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil? 10
 Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
 While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
 Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
 Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
 The fire against the son his arrows drew, 15
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,

And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song 20

At Oedipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:

Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, 25

While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,
Or long before, with early valour strove,
In youthful arms t'assert the cause of Jove. 30

And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
Encrease of glory to the Latian name!

Oh bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.

What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space, 35
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;

Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;

Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine; 40

Tho' Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;

Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;

Resign to Jove his empire of the skies, 45
And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
 Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame :
 Mean while permit, that my preluding Muse
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse : 50
 Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
 And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air
 Express the discord of the souls they bear :
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts 55
 Of Kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts ;
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
 And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
 With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60

What Hero, Clio, wilt thou first relate ?
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate ?
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide ?
 Or how the youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd, 65
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd ?
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
 And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,
 Led a long death in everlasting night ; 70
 But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day ;
 The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
 In frightful views, and makes it day within ;

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VER. 65. *Or how the youth.*] Parthenopæus.

Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75
 And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul,
 The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
 Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.

Ye Gods, that o'er the gloomy regions reign, 81
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain ;
 Thou, fable Styx ! whose livid streams are roll'd
 Thro' dreary coasts, which I, tho' blind, behold :
 Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my pray'r, 85
 Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care !
 If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come :
 If leaving Polybus, I took my way 90
 To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide :
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
 Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign ;
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led, 95
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd ;
 Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight ; 100
 O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire !
 My sons their old, unhappy fire despise,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes ;

Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105

While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn ;

These sons, ye Gods ! who with flagitious pride,

Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.

Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove !

And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above ? 110

Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,

Which o'er their childrens children shall prevail :

Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,

Which these dire hands from my slain father tore ;

Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear ; 115

Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare

Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.

Give them to dare, what I might wish to see

Blind as I am, some glorious villany !

Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands, 120

Their ready guilt preventing thy commands :

Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,

They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.

The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink

Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink ; 125

But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,

And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.

Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,

The gliding light'ning, or descending star.

Thro' crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight, 130

And dark dominions of the silent night ;

Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,

And the pale spectres trembled at her view :

To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies : 135
 The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
 Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
 Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
 Now from beneath Malea's airy height 140
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight ;
 With eager speed the well known journey took,
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
 A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145
 In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow :
 Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
 When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
 Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame. 151
 From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone. 155
 She toss'd her meagre arms ; her better hand
 In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand :
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
 But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160
 Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,

A hiss from all the snaky tire went round :
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
 And thro' th' Achaian cities send the sound.
 Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice ; 165
 Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise ;
 Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
 And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
 Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds,
 Strait with the rage of all their race possess'd,
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
 And all their Furies wake within their breast. 175
 Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
 And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears ;
 And sacred Thirst of sway ; and all the ties
 Of Nature broke ; and royal Perjuries :
 And impotent Desire to reign alone, 180
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne ;
 Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
 While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
 And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185
 Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
 Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
 But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
 And all the furrows in confusion lay :
 Such was the discord of the royal pair 190
 Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
 To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :
 Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,
 That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195
 And the short monarch of a hasty year
 Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
 Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
 But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd, 200
 No fretted roof with polish'd metals blaz'd ;
 No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
 No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd ;
 No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
 Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate ; 205
 No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
 Nor silver vases took the forming mold ;
 Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
 Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
 Say, wretched rivals ! what provokes your rage :—
 Say, to what end your impious arms engage. 211
 Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
 Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
 When the south glows with his meridian ray,
 And the cold north receives a fainter day ; 215
 For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
 Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize !

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
 Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown :
 What joys, oh Tyrant ! swell'd thy soul that day, 220
 When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,

Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent; 225
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.

And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble minds delight)
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign! 235

Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear! }

These now controul a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state: 240
Ev'n fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou fire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?

On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250

First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
 What lofty looks th' un'rival'd monarch bears!
 How all the tyrant in his face appears!
 What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow! 255

Gods! how his eyes with threatning ardour glow!
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
 Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd? 260
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.
 Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend, 265
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
 Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate. 270
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.

And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes:
 Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
 Whence far below, the Gods at once survey
 The realms of rising and declining day,
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea. }

Full in the midst, and on a starry Throne, 280

The majesty of heav'n superior shone ;

Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,

And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.

At Jove's assent, the deities around

In solemn state the consistory crown'd. 285

Next a long order of inferior pow'rs

Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs ;

Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow ;

And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow :

Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease, 290

And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.

A shining synod of majestic Gods

Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes ;

Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,

And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295

The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,

The still creation listen'd while he spoke,

Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,

And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy, 300

And force unwilling vengeance from the sky !

Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove

Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove !

This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,

And unregarded thunder rolls in vain : 305

Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires ;

Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.

For this I suffer'd Phoebus' steeds to stray,

And the mad ruler to misguide the day.

When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.

For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main:
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.

Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend; 315
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.

The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.

Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know?

And the long series of succeeding woe: 320

How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,

Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:

Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;

The savage hunter and the haunted wood:

The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325

And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?

Ere I recount the sins of these profane,

The sun would sink into the western main,

And rising gild the radiant east again.

Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330

The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,

Thro' violated nature force his way,

And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?

Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,

And for the crimes of guilty fate atones; 335

His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,

Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.

Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just heav'n alarms,

And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.

I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340

And give the nations to the waste of war.

Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join

In dire alliance with the Theban line;

Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;

The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed; 345

Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast

Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.

He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;

(With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)

Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend, 350

Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?

Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,

Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:

Tho' there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,

And there deluded Argus slept, and bled; 355

Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,

When Jove descended in almighty gold.

Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,

Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;

But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms 360

Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,

When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,

And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;

Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove,

Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove? 365

Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,

Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,

Go, rase my Samos, let Mycene fall,

And level with the dust the Spartan wall;

No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke, 370 }
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke, }
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke ; }
 But to your Isis all my rites transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her ;
 For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd, 375
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage ; 380
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 To date his vengeance ; to what bounds confin'd ?
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides }
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385 }
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood ; 389
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
 Say, can those honours please ; and canst thou love
 Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove !
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care ? 395
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee :

On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.

Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast; 401
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,

And from his throne return'd this stern reply.

'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare 405 }
Against a nation thy peculiar care :

No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil

Their work, and rev'rence our superior will. 410

For by the black infernal Styx I swear,

(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)

'Tis fix'd ; th' irrevocable doom of Jove ;

No force can bend me, no persuasion move.

Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air : 415

Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair ;

Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,

And give up Laius to the realms of day,

Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,

Expects its passage to the further strand : 420

Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear

These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear ;

That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride

Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,

Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425

The promis'd empire, and alternate reign :

Be this the cause of more than mortal hate :
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.

The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies. 430
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts, 435
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way ;
Now smoothly fleers thro' air his equal flight, 439
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' etherial height ;
Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Mean time the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves, 444
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision and his dream by night ;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne. 450
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost, 455
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,
 (Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest, 460
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
 And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground. 465

Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
 And thence declining gently to the main.
 Next to the bounds of Nifus' realm repairs,
 Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs :
 The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores, 470
 And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores :
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light, 475
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
 Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew ;
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd ; sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air, 480
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day ;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night ;

From the damp earth impervious vapours rise, 486
 Encrease the darknefs and involve the skies.

At once the rushing winds with roaring found
 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490

And win by turns the kingdom of the sky :
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
 Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs. 495

From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
 And broken light'nings flash from ev'ry cloud.
 Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-ground
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.

Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500
 And Erafinus rolls a deluge on :

The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds :
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away :

Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn, 506
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born,
 The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.

Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,

The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,
 That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main. 515

Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread,
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main, 520
 When clouds conceal Boöte's golden wain,
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
 He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
 While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd, 526
 Thus still his courage, with his toils increas'd;
 With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
 Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.
 Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530
 The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
 Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
 On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
 On that Profymna's grove and temple rise: }
 He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay, 535
 And to the regal palace bent his way;
 On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
 And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
 Blest with calm peace in his declining days. 540
 By both his parents of descent divine,
 Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
 Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
 But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.

To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate! 545

But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)

Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,

"A yellow lion and a bristly boar."

This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,

Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest; 550

This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,

Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.

The father's care and prophet's art were vain,

For thus did the predicting God ordain.

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand 555

Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,

And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,

Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:

Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,

He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n, 560

'Till led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,

And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort

T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;

The King surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565

And views their arms and habit with surprize.

A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,

Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;

Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,

Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570

A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,

Oenides' manly shoulders overspread.

Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,

Alive, the pride and terror of the wood. 574

Struck with the sight, and fix'd with deep amaze,
 The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys,
 Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
 The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
 And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein. 580
 To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
 And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
 Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train :
 You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay, 585 }
 'Till nature quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray }
 Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day. }
 O thou, who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
 Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate !
 Be preſent ſtill, oh goddeſs ! in our aid ; 590
 Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
 We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
 And on thy altars ſacrifices lay ;
 The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
 And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke. 595
 Hail, faithful Tripos ! hail, ye dark abodes
 Of awful Phœbus : I confeſs the Gods !

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd ;
 Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd ;
 Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe, 600 }
 And duſt yet white upon each alter lies, }
 The relicks of a former ſacrifice. }
 The king once more the ſolemn rites requires,
 And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.

His train obey, while all the courts around 605
 With noisy care and various tumult found.
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads ;
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light ; 610
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne ;
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest ; 615
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd. 620
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear,
 When from the close apartments of the night,
 The royal nymphs approach divinely bright ;
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face ; 625
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
 But that in these a milder charm endears,
 And less of terror in their looks appears.
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
 Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,

Which Danaüs us'd in sacred rites of old, 635
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.

Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies. }

There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears, 640

On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars :

Still as he rises in th' etherial height,

His native mountains lessen to his sight ;

While all his sad companions upward gaze,

Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze ; 645

And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,

Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,

The first libations sprinkled on the ground,

By turns on each celestial pow'r they call ; 650

With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.

The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,

Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,

While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,

Salute the god in num'rous hymns of praise. 655

Then thus the King : Perhaps, my noble guests,

These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts

To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,

Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.

Great was the cause ; our old solemnities 660

From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise ;

But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay

These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain, 665
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter blest, 670
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy ! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd ! 675
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd :
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born ;
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade ;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child ! is thine ?
Ah how unworthy those of race divine ? 685
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes. 690
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas ! than cruel fate would give ;

For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
 Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair; 700
 Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies,
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
 The raging god prepares t'avenge her fate.
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
 High on a crown a rising snake appears,
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs: }
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710
 When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
 Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Chorcæbus warms,
 Chorcæbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms; 715
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The direful monster from afar descry'd; }
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side; 720 }
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.

The youths surround her with extended spears ;
 But brave Chorcebus in the front appears,
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.

Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
 Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
 With livid poison, and our childrens blood. 730

The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
 Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.

The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 735
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast ;
 And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
 Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below :

A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground :
 And now a thousand lives together fled,
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread, 745
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
 And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year ;
 Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
 And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 750

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
 Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,

Undaunted hero ! who divinely brave,
 In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save ;
 But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755
 And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke :

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
 And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
 Willing I come, unknowing how to fear ;
 Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here. 760

Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
 And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
 Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
 Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays ;
 For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care, 765

Such numbers fell by pestilential air ;
 But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
 From Gods above no more compassion find ;
 If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,

Yet why must un-offending Argos feel 770
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel ?
 On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,

Nor err from me, since I deserve it all :
 Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
 Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light. 775

Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send ;
 But for my country let my fate atone,
 Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves : 780
 Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives ;

For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.

The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring god th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise, 786
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise ;

These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please :
These honours, still renew'd, his antient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the King) 790
What name you bear, from what high race you spring ?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies :
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation or my name,
Or thro' what veins our antient blood has roll'd ? 800
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold !

Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own ;
Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place. 805

To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies :—Ah why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame !
Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.

Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
 And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
 The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands; 815
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.

If on the sons the parents crimes descend, 820

What Prince from those his lineage can defend?

Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t'efface

With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,

And be thyself the honour of thy race.

But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825

And shine more faintly at approaching day;

Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays

Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast

And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast; 830

Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,

And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;

Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,

Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;

Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835

The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods:

By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;

Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:

Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,

And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840

'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
 The change of Sceptres, and impending woe ;
 When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845
 T'excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre ;
 Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
 Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame ;
 Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
 Her num'rous off-spring for a fatal boast. 850
 In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
 Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears ;
 He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
 The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine ! 855
 And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
 Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
 Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore ;
 Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
 In Pharian fields, to sow the golden grain ; 860
 Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
 And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows ;
 Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
 Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

T H E
F A B L E
O F
D R Y O P E.

From the N I N T H Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
 When the fair Consort of her son replies.
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 5
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
 No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride.) 10
 This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,

DRYOPE.] Upon the Occasion of the Death of Hercules,
 his Mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who
 answers with a relation of those of her own family, in par-
 ticular the Transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the
 subject of the ensuing Fable.

Andræmon lov'd : and, blest'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around, 15
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtil crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought :
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20

Not distant far, a watry Lotos grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian die :
Of these she crop'd to please her infant son, 25
And I myself the same rash act had done :
But lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30
Lotis the Nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form ; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight :
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd :
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground : 40
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles, only moves above ;

She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below :

Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45

To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves :

Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen

To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.

The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,

Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50

And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd

Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.

I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,

And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,

Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55

There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andraemon and th' unhappy fire

Appear, and for their Dryope enquire ;

A springing tree for Dryope they find,

And print warm kisses on the panting rind. 60

Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,

And close embrace as to the roots they grew.

The face was all that now remain'd of thee,

No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;

Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65

From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear,

And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,

Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains :

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,

I swear by all th' unprying pow'rs of heav'n, 70

No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;

In mutual Innocence our lives we led :

If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 75
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :
 And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;
 Teach him, when his first infant voice shall frame 80
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree ; and say with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies :
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
 Nor touch the fatal flow'rs ; but, warn'd by me,
 Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse farewell !
 If in your breasts or love, or pity dwell,
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
 The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
 Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 95
 I can no more ; the creeping rind invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :
 Remove your hands : the bark shall soon suffice
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ; 100
 And all the Nymph was lost within the tree ;
 Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

V E R T U M N U S

A N D

P O M O N A :

From the FOURTEENTH BOOK of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign ;
 Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
 To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field, 5
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;
 'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives ;
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
 Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20
 How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
 The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
 Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care, 25
 To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
 Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
 To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears:
 And first a reaper from the field appears, 30
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temple shade:
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears, 35
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs. 40
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears, 45 }
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.

The god in this decrepit form array'd, 50 }
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
 And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)
 " Whose charms as far all other Nymphs out-shine,
 " As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"

Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow 55
 Than such as women on their sex bestow.)

Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.

An Elm was near, to whose embraces led,
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread: 60
 He view'd her twining branches with delight,
 And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
 Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround 65
 Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.

Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
 Your mind averse from all the joys of love.

Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!
 What Nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?

Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaurs arms, 70
 Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.

Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,

A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods, 75
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,
 And one whose tender care is far above,
 All that these lovers ever felt of love, 80
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be guest)
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ; 85
 Like you, contented with his native groves ;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;
 For you he lives ; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care. }
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest, 90
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares, and pleasures are the same : 95
 To him your orchard's early fruits are due,
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
 He values these ; but yet (alas) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows 100
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows ;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;

You, only you, can move the god's desire :
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire ! 105
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;
 Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind !
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows, 110
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs !

This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
 He strait assum'd his native form again ;
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115
 And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
 Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
 Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design ;
 For when, appearing in a form divine,
 The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120
 Of charming features, and a youthful face !
 In her soft breast consenting passions move,
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

I.

CHAUCE R.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet swinken nat fans secrecie.

Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Ireland :
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there passen by the Way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowfes hath he hent,
Not to be spied of Ladies gent.

5

10

“ But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
“ Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This filly Clerk full low doth lout :
They asken that, and talken this,
“ Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss.

15

But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,
 The Ducke fore tickleth his Erse roote :
 Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
 Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest. 20
 Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought spake :
 Miss star'd; and gray Ducke cryeth Quake.
 " O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
 " Be thilke same thing Maids longen a'ter?
 " Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
 " Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talke.

II.

SPENSER.

The ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
 A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low;
 Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
 And many a Boat, soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
 The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shiller Squall:
 How can ye Mothers, vex your children so?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen, 15
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding est between ;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbourhood
I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies ; 20
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries ;
The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound :
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ; 25
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bafe are
drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch, 30
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :

There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a Mag-pie, chatters,
With Envy, (spitting Cat) dread foe to peace ;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall :
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all ; 40
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call :
Yea, when she pass'd by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building-town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch ;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch, 50
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry
pride.

III.

W A L L E R.

Of a LADY singing to her LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
 A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes :
 Well might, alas ! that threatned vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too blest with these enchanting lays, 5
 Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays :
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
 Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
 Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he ; 10
 A poet made the silent wood pursue,
 This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN of the Author's design, in
 which was painted the story of
 CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with the
 Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air ! th' Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the secret shade ;
 Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.

Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray, 5
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love. 10
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
 At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives;
 She views the story with attentive eyes,
 And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

The GARDEN.

F AIN would my Muse the flow'ry Treasure sing,
 And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
 Where opening Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
 And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dews;
 Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white, 5
 The thin undress of superficial Light,
 And vary'd Tulips show so dazzling gay,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.
 Each painted flouret in the lake below
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10
 And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.

Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
 And mount the hill in venerable rows ;
 There the green Infants in their beds are laid, 15
 The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
 Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join ;
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20
 There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
 By Laurels shielded from the piercing day :
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream,
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
 Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
 And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays. 30

W E E P I N G.

WHILE Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
 Proud grief fits swelling in her eyes ;
 The Sun, next those the fairest light,
 Thus from the Ocean first did rise :
 And thus thro' Mists we see the Sun, 35
 Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day :
So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,
And blissing lightnings burst away.

40

The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that funny Sphere

So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her Tears :

45

Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

On SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE ! coeval with Eternity ;
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain ;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise ;
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise !

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest ;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame ;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame,

X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be?

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

TH O' Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits ;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke :
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails, 5
And were a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate :
On her large squab you find her spread, 10
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face ;
All white and black beside : 15
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
 A prating thing, a Magpye hight, 20
 Majestically stalk;
 A stately, worthless animal,
 That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flutter, pride, and talk.

P H R Y N E.

P H R Y N E had talents for mankind,
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade:
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And Agents from each foreign state, 5
 Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
 Spaniards or French came to her:
 To all obliging she'd appear:
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
 'Twas *S' il vous plaist, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a Bride: 15
 In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare) 20
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new Titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

VII.

DR S W I F T.

The Happy Life of a C O U N T R Y
 P A R S O N.

P A R S O N, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the Bishop's blessing.

A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
 That carries double when there's need ;
 October store, and best Virginia,
 Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea: 5

Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
 For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
 A larger Concordance, bound long since:
 Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince; 10
 A Chronicle of ancient standing;
 A Chrysoftom to smoothe thy band in.
 The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
 Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next.
 Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul, 15
 To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
 Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
 And fast on Fridays——if he will; 20
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
 Talk with Church Wardens about Pews,
 Pray heartily for some new Gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

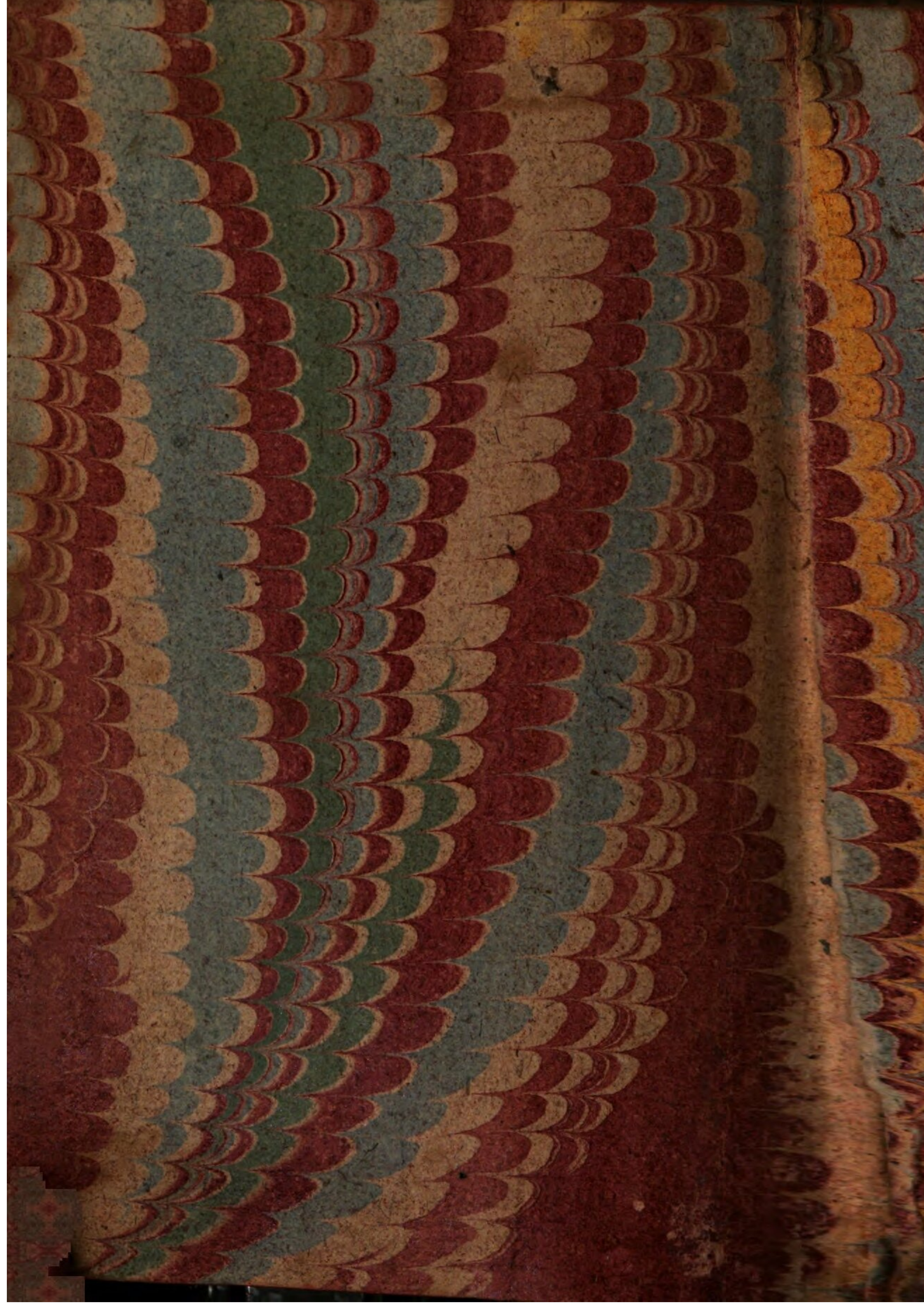
The End of the FIRST VOLUME.



no 2. A.

Pope

1764





Pope, Alexander, 1688-1744

The works of A. Pope, Esq in six volumes, complete, With his last corrections, additions, and improvements, as they were delivered to the editor, a little before his death

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